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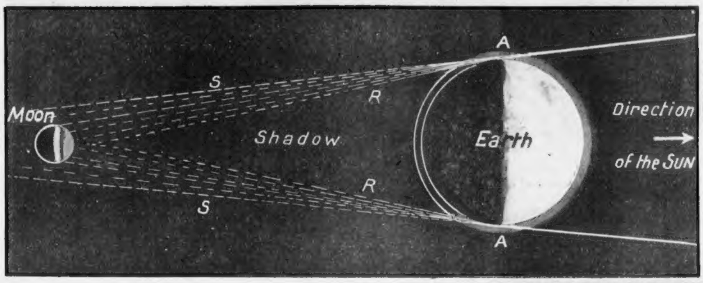
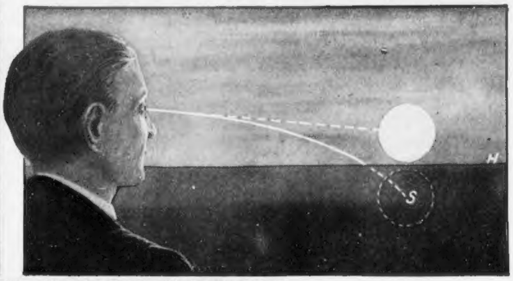
How the Moon May Reveal Secrets of the Earth's Atmosphere





Diagrammatic Explanation of Conditions During an Eclipse of the Moon. (SS) Shadow of the Earth as It Would Be Drawn in a Geometric Diagram. The Sun's Rays Reaching the Earth Pass Through the Atmosphere (AA), Are Refracted or Bent in the Directions (RR), and Thus Illuminate the Moon to Some Degree Within the Shadow.

Pictorial Diagram Explaining the Far-Reaching Effects of the Refraction or Bending of Light Rays by the Atmosphere. When the Sun (S) Is Already Completely Below the Horizon (H)—That Is to Say, Has Disappeared Behind the Earth's Curve—Its Rays, Which Have Undergone a Successive Bending in the Air Still Reach Our Eye. By Looking Along the Pathway by Which These Rays Come to Us We Think We See the Sun at (S'), and It Thus Appears to Be Situated Above the Horizon.

By Prof. Lucien Rudaux,

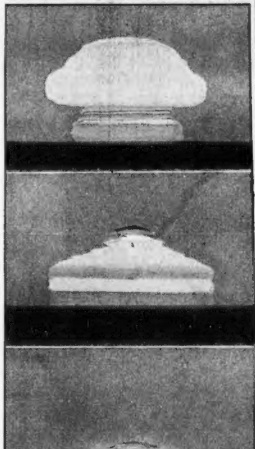
The Distinguished French Astronomer and Director of the Donville Observatory.

DONVILLE, France, June 16, 1932.

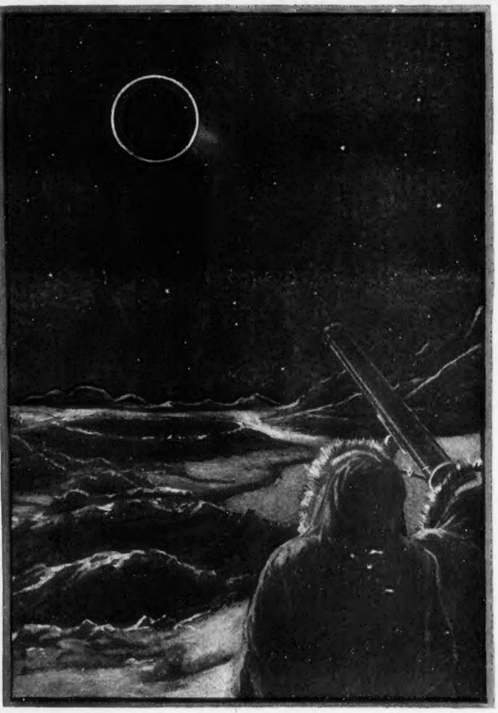
BY studying the beautiful and mysterious waves of color which will, as usual, bathe the face of the moon, on its next eclipse, it is hoped to discover what the earth's atmosphere is like 200 miles or more from the surface and what is going on up there.

Rarely has science devised a more ingenious scheme than this of trying to make the moon's cold face tell us how the earth would look to a man on the moon. As usual, necessity was the mother of this invention. Until Prof. Piccard, last year, made his daring ascent in the airtight aluminum car of a balloon to a height of nine and nine-tenths miles, very little was known of the earth's atmosphere above six and a half miles.

Within that six-mile zone arise most all of the clouds, storms and other aerial happenings which are so important to Earth's inhabitants, animal or vegetable. But far above this, things go on which it seems almost certain are the cause of what happens in the six-mile zone. If man knew what sort of air exists at various altitudes up to 250 miles and understood its invisible doings, he could probably begin to forecast the weather with real accuracy, not merely a day or two in advance but weeks and perhaps months.



An Example of the Very Strange Aspects Which Are Sometimes Assumed by the Sun, at the Moment of Setting, Owing to the Fact That Various Colored Rays in White Light Are Bent in Varying Degree. The Dispersion of Light at the Upper Edge May Produce an Iridescent Fringe Which Finally Gives Birth to the Much Discussed Green Ray.



If a Man Could Go to the Moon While It Was Eclipsed by the Shadow of the Earth He Would See at the Same Time an Eclipse of the Sun by the Earth. Our Globe Would Appear Surrounded by a Brilliant Ring of Atmosphere Refracting the Solar Light, and Would Offer a Remarkable Spectacle. He Could Also See the Landscapes of the Moon Passing Successively from Blue to Red, by Reason of the Changing Character of the Light Rays Received by Our Satellite While It Is Passing Through the Earth's Shadow.

For a practical instance, some peculiar condition of the upper air has prevented the normal flow of cold air currents from the North polar regions down over the North American continent toward the tropics this Winter. Instead, most of North America's share of cold air poured down over Europe, treating Italy, Spain and other usually warm countries to blizzards that really belonged on the East Coast of the United States. Some invisible sky-barrier, some sort of air dam upset the world's climate. Science is eager to know what it is and what made it grow way up there.

Even Prof. Piccard's brief ascension to almost ten miles revealed among other things that clouds formed more than twice as high as had been supposed possible. And meanwhile Prof. Stormer, in Norway, succeeded in verifying Piccard's observation by photographing luminous clouds more than 16 miles up. It is known that some sort of air of considerable density extends to a height of 40 miles. This is worked out by elaborate calculations based on the way the sun's light is diffused during twilight when the sun itself has long since disappeared.

At a height of 60 miles there is enough of some sort of gas to cause plunging meteors to burst into flame from friction. And that is by no means the roof of the air. Something reaches up to a height of 200 to 250 miles, as shown by the aurora borealis, which is the glow of electrified particles of some gas far up in that cold height.

All in all there is just enough information to tantalize the meteorologist whose business it is to know about that ocean of air over his head. Study of sunsets gave the first hint that the moon might be useful to the meteorologist. Everyone has admired the gorgeous colorings of sunsets, sailors have drawn useful conclusions about the next day's weather and science found out many things.

For instance, not everyone realizes that when the ball of the setting sun seems to be just touching the horizon, it has actually dropped below it and what is seen is only an image produced by refraction. This is because the atmosphere bends the rays of light down, just as the sides of a glass lens bend the rays inward toward the centre. In this way the light from the vanished sun, instead of passing a mile over the observer's head, is brought down so that he can see what is really out of sight.

To this general rule we must now add certain peculiarities which complicate it. In the first place, the bending or refraction of the rays varies according to the state of the atmosphere. Furthermore, the refraction is different for the rays of various colors which make up the ray of white light. By reason of this irregular dispersing of the rays, the image of a star appears fringed with the well-known colors of the solar spectrum.

Certain sunsets assume a truly magical appearance when we look at them with the help of an optical instrument which enables us to distinguish the details of the marvelous phenomena due to refraction. The sun's disc, pulled out of shape by inequalities of refraction, sometimes takes an extremely strange appearance with its contour irregularly cut away. Its upper edge is fringed with various colors and may give birth to the much discussed green ray when the sky is clear enough to permit the last fragment of the sun's image just above the horizon, to be seen before the moment of the final disappearance. But this last spectacle cannot always be seen, even in the absence of all clouds interfering with observation as they frequently do.

Another property of the atmospheric envelope, which varies in proportion as it is more or less charged with water vapor, is to absorb in large quantity the violet, blue and green rays, which explains why it is so hard to see the famous green ray of which we have just spoken through the great mass of air at the horizon. But this also explains why the sun shows a beautiful orange or red coloring at twilight, a coloring which sometimes looks like the reflection of some conflagration.

If someone could only get off a few thousand miles from the earth and see what its atmosphere at the various levels does to the rays of the rising and setting sun, he would at once know lots of new things about the upper air. The nearest solid object out in space is the moon, about a quarter million miles away. This would make a nice observation post except for a few difficulties such as the lack of any method of getting there. However, something can be done with the moon. Watching from the earth, during an eclipse of the moon, observers hope to get a pretty good idea of some of the things they would be seeing if they were on the moon looking at the earth.

The circumstances under which the moon can render such services are very rare, it is true; but this is only another reason not to neglect them and to observe attentively the beautiful phenomena which may be seen at such times. The rare circumstances referred to are the eclipses of the moon. Let us first of all review in a few words how they are caused.

Everybody knows that the moon turns around the earth and that it shines only because the sun lights it. It is on account of this motion and the various positions that it assumes with regard to the earth that its globe, illuminated on half its surface, presents the changing phases which are familiar to everybody. When we are in a line between the sun and the moon there is a full moon, for we see one complete hemisphere of its surface lighted up. But the reason why we see it thus is because its journey through the sky is accomplished in a complicated manner, that is to say, in an oblique direction with regard to the alignment of the sun and the earth. Our globe sends a long shadow into space, but on account of its oblique pathway the moon at the moment when it is on the side of the earth farthest from the sun is usually a little above or below the cone of shadow and does not cease to be lighted up. But its pathway is variable, and it therefore happens that at certain periods our satellite travels more or less completely through the cone of shadow, and we can then witness the spectacle of a total or partial eclipse.

The reader might expect that in case of a partial eclipse he would not be able to distinguish the part deprived of the sun's light at all and that he would cease to see the moon altogether during a total eclipse. The facts are altogether different, for the eclipsed part of the moon's disc is generally seen illuminated in strange colors, sometimes quite bright, and always producing a very beautiful effect. The spectacle in itself is greatly to be admired, but it is most important to insist on its great scientific interest on account of the knowledge it can give us about our atmosphere.

If the earth were an airless sphere, like the moon itself, then the earth's shadow on our satellite would be perfectly black. The light in its various colors that plays over the face of an eclipsed moon is from rays of the sun which passed through the earth's atmosphere and were bent inward, invading the cone of shadow and striking the moon. As some rays are bent more than others and the degree to which any kind is bent is also affected by the density of the atmosphere; these taken together with other facts, such as that water vapor screens out certain rays, make those color ripples that play over the moon tell a story for the observer who can puzzle it out.

The pictorial diagram herewith brings out, on an exaggerated scale, to make clear the points of importance, how, on account of refraction in the atmospheric envelope, the cone formed by the earth's shadow does not produce exactly the effect we might expect. It may here be seen that the sun's rays, having been bent on their passage through the layer of air, penetrate into the interior of this shadow and thus illuminate to a certain degree the moon, which otherwise would be completely plunged in the shadow.

The moon's disc during an eclipse will be seen by our eyes with a certain degree of clearness and coloring, which will vary in proportion to the bending of the sun's rays and in proportion to the amount of absorption they have undergone in the air. The differences in the appearance of the moon are very considerable between one eclipse and another, and even during the same eclipse.

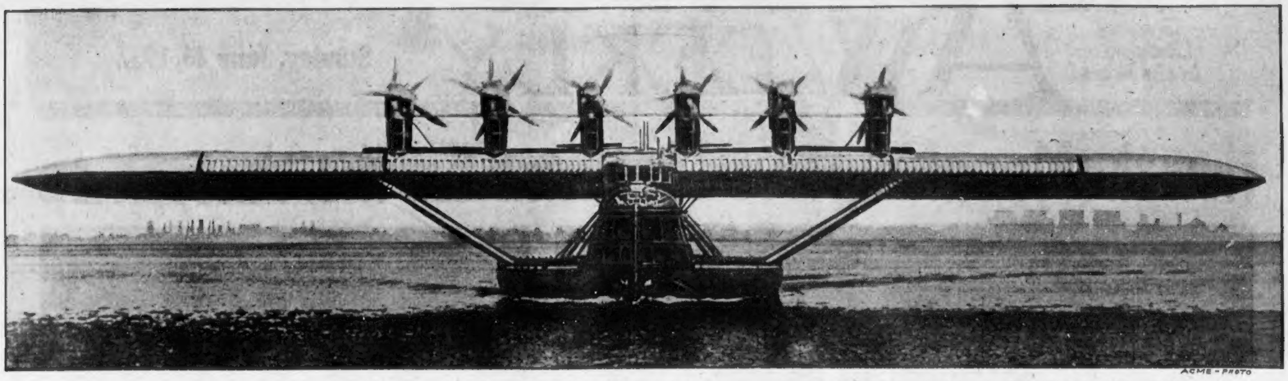
Our atmosphere is far from being uniform throughout its bulk, and while the moon is passing through the cone of shadow it receives an illumination from rays coming from various points on the earth's surface and very diversified in their nature. The moon then serves as a screen, which receives groups of rays differing from one another, and the edges of which melt into one another. Views of this character on the moon were especially remarkable during the recent eclipses—on April 30th and September 26, 1931.

For a long time these phenomena only received attention as spectacles to be admired for their beauty, but now we have learned to attribute great importance to them, because as we have already said, we have learned that they reveal the state of the earth's atmosphere.

It remains to learn how to decipher the projections which we can read on the lunar screen and take advantage of them. For the present we can only record the

(Continued on Page 2)

The Newest Giant Flying Yacht Ready For The Air



The Newest of the Dornier Flying Boats, the DO-X III, Photographed After a Test Flight on Lake Constance, Between Switzerland and Germany. Like Its Sister Ships, It Has a Dozen Motors, But Its Cabin Is Streamlined More Radically.

BERLIN.

THE DO-X, which has ruled as "Queen of the Air" for nearly two years, has had her nose broken, as the saying goes. She now has a new sister, just as big and powerful as she is. This ship, now going through her trial tests on Lake Constance, between Germany and Switzerland, soon will go into trans-Atlantic service, probably between Germany and South American ports.

The sister to the DO-X, which made a flight to this country last Summer, may even steal stellar honors from her older relative because she has certain improvements and refinements which have been perfected since the older ship was constructed.

This new giant flying yacht has 12 motors, each of which develops more than 625 horsepower. These engines will send the huge man-made bird through the air at a speed of close to 150 miles an hour.

The machine is 131 feet long and its big wings have a spread of 152 feet. A few years ago, when the science of aviation was young, few people would have believed that such a huge ship could get off the ground, or the water. But the DO-X, according to the men who sit at her controls, say that she isn't much more trouble to handle than a single-seater plane and that it is no trick for the yacht to skim over the surface of a lake, or a harbor, and soar gracefully and steadily into the air with 170 people aboard her.

The interior of the sister ship of the DO-X is the last word in luxury. The deck for passengers—there are three decks on the ship—is 78 feet long and about 10 feet wide. The seats in the cabin are on the order of those in a Pullman car. In the daytime they serve as seats and at night they can be converted into comfortable beds.

Just forward of this cabin is a smoking room, finished in mahogany panels and fitted with deep-cushioned chairs for the comfort of men—and women—passengers. And adjacent to this room, way in the boat-like nose of the ship is a real bar with a rail and everything.

Although the new plane can lift 170 persons, it is not planned to take more than 70 passengers on a voyage. That many people can travel in her comfortably and have plenty of room for themselves and their luggage. In addition to these passengers, the ship will carry a crew of 10 men.

The radio room of the big bird is equipped with both long and short-wave sets capable of sending and receiving messages from Europe and the Americas at all times, even in mid-ocean.

Twins That Represent Opposite Beauty Types

Yolanda Pagliano, One of Italy's Most Famous Twins, Who Is a Distinct Brunette and Whose Eyes Are Black.

ANYONE who did not know that Amanda and Yolanda Pagliano were twins would never suspect that they had the same mother and were born the same day. In fact, it is hard to believe that these pretty and charming young women, the daughters of one of the most famous surgeons in Italy, are sisters.

Yolanda is distinctly the Latin type. She's a brunette, with dark hair and eyes that are as black as they are lustrous. Her complexion matches the coloring of her hair and her eyes. Amanda is, as her photograph shows, a pronounced blonde — a so-called golden blonde. Her eyes are as blue as the waters of the Bay of Naples and her skin is of that texture sometimes described as "strawberries and cream."

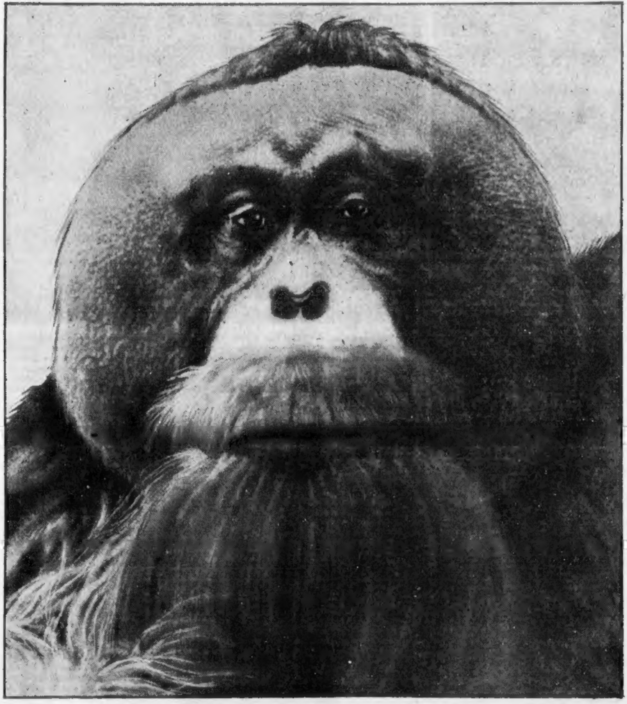
In physique the Pagliano twins are very much alike, each is five feet, nine inches tall, and each tips the scales at about 125 pounds. Strangely enough the girls are remarkably similar in mentality, temperament and outlook on life. Both are athletic and there is little difference between their skill at playing tennis, riding and swimming. Rivalry between them is as keen as it is friendly, but one cannot seem to outdo the other.

Like a great many Italian girls, the Pagliano twins are musically inclined. They sing and they play well on the piano. Yolanda has a strong, clear contralto voice, but her singing is not a bit better or worse than that of her blond sister, who is a soprano and who may some day go on the concert stage. Music critics who have heard the girls sing and play say that it would be a difficult job to say which of the young women is the better musician.

Dr. Pagliano, being a medical man, has made many experiments with his daughters to determine their mental and emotional make-ups and he says that they are as alike in their ability and their tastes as they are opposite in facial appearance.

Amanda Pagliano, the Blonde Twin, Whose Physique Is a Duplicate of Her Sister's, but Her Eyes Are Blue and Her Hair Flaxen.

A Remarkable Countenance



This Grotesque But Human-Like Face Belongs to the Orang-utan in the Frankfort, Germany, Zoological Garden. It Has a Rather Sad, Contemplative Look and It Is Not Surprising That Some of the Big Game Hunters Who Have Killed Gorillas and Orang-utans Have Been Overcome With a Feeling of Remorse, Almost As if They Had Murdered a Fellow Man.

Filters To Check Hay-Fever

SUFFERERS from hay fever—and there are perhaps five millions of them in this country—are interested in any remedy or device which seems to promise relief from the malady. One of the newest and most interesting efforts to do something for the army of people who get sick when the pollen of certain plants is floating about in the air was made at the University of Illinois Research Hospitals.

Dr. William H. Welker and his assistants devised several paper filters which they placed in the windows of a room where 100 sufferers from hay fever were quartered. The filters permitted fresh air to come into the room, but kept out even the finest pollen grains.

Victims of the disease, according to one of Dr. Welker's helpers, were relieved of most of their symptoms in from one-half hour to an hour and a half after entering the room with the filters installed in the windows. All the patients who submitted to the experiment slept well, except on very hot nights, when the room was uncomfortable on account of the high temperature.

Hay fever is not a malady that can be so easily cured, however, and the doctors conducting the series of experiments noted that relief was not complete. Most of the 100 patients, although they enjoyed restful sleep, had a mild attack of the disease on awakening in the morning.

It was found that this method of easing the suffering of people whose systems are upset by breathing in air-borne pollen worked best when it was accompanied by certain widely used immunizing treatments which is supposed to make victims partially impervious to the irritating effect of the particles in the air.

Several persons suffering from asthma, a disease similar to hay fever, were kept in the room in which outside air was drawn in through the filters. These patients did not respond to the treatment as quickly as those with hay fever. Their condition was only partially relieved and several of the patients stayed in the room four or five days before they felt any benefit from the purified air.

The importance of the experiments at the University of Illinois is its promise of relief for people who cannot get away to pollen-free areas during the season of the year in which they are stricken with this uncomfortable malady. Such people, if they take the immunization treatment to help them when they're out-of-doors, can be assured of some relief at night by equipping the windows of their bedrooms with filters of one type or another.

The experiments will be continued in the hope of finding other ways to ease the unhappy lot of victims of hay fever and asthma.

How Moon May Reveal Atmosphere Secrets

(Continued from Front Page)

greater or less transparency of certain portions of the atmosphere, and in future this information accumulated from all directions and combined with observations concerning the refraction and absorption of light, will furnish useful data about the most inaccessible regions of the upper atmosphere. At the very least, the general facts about eclipses, combined with the meteorological conditions we can observe directly, will help us to make more precise certain laws about the upper atmosphere and to make more reliable predictions about the weather. We knew already that the great meteorological phenomena are dependent in certain respects on the activity of the sun, and we have also learned that this activity varies periodically.

The laws which control these relations between the sun and our weather are still imperfectly understood, but it is certain that they exist. In connection with this point, it is very interesting to know that M. Danjon, Director of the Observatory of Strasbourg, has learned through a study of successive eclipses of the moon that when those eclipses occur at a certain point in the cycle of solar activity they are particularly luminous or richly colored. These facts were confirmed by the eclipses in the past year. They furnish proof of a special state of the atmosphere at these periods of solar activity.

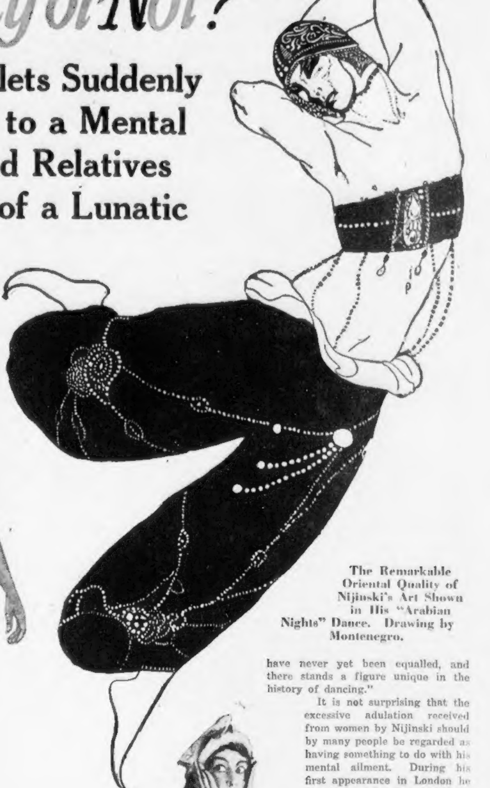
In the opinion of some ancient writers the moon was a mirror in which the image of the earth was reflected; thus they explain the spots which are seen on its surface, and in which they thought they saw the representation of certain parts of the earth, including oceans and continents which were known to them. It is hardly necessary to state that this supposition was erroneous. But it is curious to recall this primitive idea, for modern astronomic science is making use of a somewhat similar comparison. We now know that the moon is no longer to be considered as a mirror, but as a sort of projection screen, on which in certain special cases luminous pictures reveal to our eyes the general condition of the earth's atmosphere. The moon may even tell the secret of that mysterious Heaviside layer of the atmosphere from which some of the radio waves bounce back.

Is Nijinski, the Great Dancer, Crazy or Not?

The Famous Interpreter of Russian Ballets Suddenly Quits the Stage, Goes Off to a Mental Hospital, and Doctors and Relatives Suspect He Is Playing the Part of a Lunatic

Nijinski in His Extraordinary "Afternoon of a Faun," Which Aroused More Criticism and Discussion Than Any of His Dances.

Three Alluring Poses of Nijinski in His Famous Ballet, "The Spectre of the Rose," Which Excited Unstinted Admiration Among Women and Yet Reveals the Dancer's Peculiar Feminine Quality More Than Any Other Performance.



The Remarkable Oriental Quality of Nijinski's Art Shown in His "Arabian Nights" Dance. Drawing by Montenegro.

PARIS, June 16.

WHEN the craze for Russian ballet and Russian dancing swept over the world a few years ago, one conspicuous figure stood forth as the greatest of all the dancers—a rather effeminate young man, Vaslaw Nijinski. He was idolized wherever he appeared as the greatest of all the Russian dancers, and in some of his costumes it was difficult to tell whether he was a man or a woman. Especially the ladies seemed to be stirred to great emotional depths by his dancing. But suddenly one day two years ago, while in Paris, the famous dancer rushed out of his apartment, crying:

"I must pray to God!"

This was the beginning of a series of "queer" sayings and doings which persuaded many to believe that Nijinski had suddenly become crazy. Although he had received and eagerly pocketed enormous salaries, he now declared that it was wicked to be rich. Although the dancer had associated with and been glad to meet wealthy, bejewelled women who admired him, he now insisted that it was not right to wear expensive clothes or spend money on elaborate dinners—he even asserted that it was wicked and wasteful to live in the big expensive hotels.

Mme. Bronislawa Nijinska Rehearsing in Her Russian Ballet at the Opera Comique, Paris.

So they took the dancer to a private hospital for mental diseases at Kreuzlingen, Switzerland, with Nijinski's entire approval.

But it is not at all certain that the great dancer is really insane.

Doctors who have examined him have expressed the opinion that he was pretending madness. The dancer's own sister, Madame Nijinska, does not believe her brother is really crazy. She thinks he is playing a little comedy all by himself and is enjoying the act he has staged before the whole world as a man with a twisted brain.

Any actor can play a part with great convincingness during the few hours in which he assumes the role on the stage. But it is very difficult for even the best actor to continually play an assumed part all day long, and day after day, and week after week. He is certain to be off his guard at times and betray himself.

And so it is that Madame Nijinska, in closely observing her distinguished brother, has caught him forgetful of his role as a crazy man and has observed him at times as his own natural self.

One of Nijinski's poses is his attitude of complete indifference to things that are said and done about him. And thus when he was brought to a rehearsal of a new ballet in the hope of stirring his interest, he gazed with indifference on the performance. But suddenly his eyes and manner revealed his interest in what was going on, and he let drop the remark, "It is very well!"—and then quickly recovered himself and assumed the dull and listless pose.

On another occasion, Madame Nijinska says her brother was present when a discussion was going on among several people about Art. As usual Nijinski was wearing the mask of utter indifference, apparently neither listening nor observing.

But happening to turn around and look at her brother, she caught him laughing at the foolish statements that were being made. These observations and many other facts have persuaded her that her famous brother became tired of his life on the stage and has assumed the role of madman and enjoys watching the effect of his acting on the people about him.

The sudden retirement of this great dramatic artist has left his admiring public in sorrow and much perplexity. And thus it is that many strange rumors and reports have been spread as to just what is the matter with Nijinski and what he is doing in his hospital retreat. It is reported that M. Paul Claudel, the distinguished French diplomat, was greatly concerned with the mental condition of his friend, the dancer, and undertook an experiment which he hoped might stimulate the lonely patient's mind to activity by painting. He believed that if something could be found to interest Nijinski he might be slowly brought out of his present condition. The dancer had shown some ability as a painter in earlier years and it was M. Claudel's hope that this might be the vehicle of stirring his mind.

So a nurse at the hospital was instructed to quietly bring in some paints and brushes and art materials and lay them on a table in his room. Nothing was to be said to attract his attention to the materials.

Three hours later, it is reported, when the nurse returned, Nijinski was painting feverishly. His pictures, though bizarre in quality, showed distinct artistic merit. One was of the human eye, a succession of rhythmic circles and lobes, and the other of a beautiful girl, whose face was made up of innumerable small curves.

But here the question arises whether or not the trick of the painting materials was not seized upon by Nijinski to further befool his friends. It is argued by some that Nijinski saw at once what was the purpose of putting within his reach the paints and brushes. Instead of making use of them to produce something which would encourage his friends to believe that he was at last finding his way out of mental darkness—did the dancer decide to make use of the painter's outfit but produce pictures which would be crazy and thus assist him in his pretense of being a madman?

Some of Nijinski's family and intimate friends who believe that the dancer is playing the part, also feel sure he will tire of the assumed rôle and will throw off the mask and return to the stage.

Kyra, his daughter, is quoted as having said recently:

"I feel it in me—in six months my father, the finest dancer in the world, will be with us again to hear the people acclaim him!"

Nijinski has always been of a rather melancholy disposition and in the months following the war this seemed to have become intensified. He would sit for days in a corner and say nothing, and he seemed to tire of the constant adoration and pursuit of his admirers. As an escape from all this it is thought by many that the dancer hit upon the idea of pretended insanity so that he might find peace in the retirement of a mental hospital.

It is even possible, as some physicians believe, that Nijinski has persuaded himself that he is mentally ill. Thus he may have become the victim of what is known as "a fixed idea" and really believe he is more or less crazy. But this mental delusion is not insanity, and if this is the cause of his retirement and peculiar conduct he may at any time come out of the obsession and return to an admiring world.

Many of his ideas, his sister points out, were the same as those of the famous Russian leader, Tolstoi, and he was not considered mad. Nijinski believed that people should eat the simplest food and wear the roughest clothing and follow the example of the Saviour as far as they could. He developed an aversion to well-dressed women, but adored little children.

Madame Bronislawa Nijinska also gave the correspondent of The American Weekly some interesting facts about the early life of her famous brother. Both of them inherited their dancing ability from their father, who owned a theatre at Warsaw, Poland. The stage was so small that when he leaped in the air, he jumped so high his head could not be seen by the audience, being hidden by the scenery. Their mother and father were summoned to dance before the Czar at the Imperial Theatre, St. Petersburg. Thus it happened that Bronislawa Nijinska was born on the stage, for her mother, while playing in the piece, "A Life for the Czar," was unexpectedly attacked with symptoms that resulted in the appearance of the little dancer.

Mme. Bronislawa Nijinska, Gifted Sister of the Dancer, Now Performing in Paris, Who Gives Interesting Details of His Strange Mental Condition.

It was recognized years ago that Nijinski had an extremely impressionable mental organization that was liable to be injured by his tremendous exertions. The distinguished English critic, Cyril W. Beaumont, wrote this instructive passage about him:

"Nijinski is not a man in the true robust sense of the word. He is always surrounded by some invisible yet nevertheless susceptible halo. It would seem as if Oberon had lightly touched him with his magic wand at birth. An examination of his roles will show that none of them are allied with the physical strength and beauty of manhood. The youth in love with his own image in 'Narcisse,' the rose-colored sprite in 'The Spectre of the Rose,' the lissom oriental of the 'Siamese Dance'—these are not parts for the descendants of Mars and Hercules.

"Nijinski's characters are never those of a human being; they are all products of fairy stories, ancient folk-lore, or mythological legends. In such a performance as 'The Afternoon of a Faun,' he is no ordinary faun—he has absorbed something of every description we have ever heard ascribed to such beings. The naughty gestures, the quaint gambols, the childish movements, nothing is forgotten. Add to abilities like these a perfect technical knowledge of his art, an elevation, a 'pas de ballon' and an 'entrechat' which have never yet been equalled, and there stands a figure unique in the history of dancing."

It is not surprising that the excessive adulation received from women by Nijinski should by many people be regarded as having something to do with his mental ailment. During his first appearance in London he was idolized by the most fashionable and beautiful women of the British metropolis.

His perfect figure and his lovely attitudes in such ballets as "The Spectre of the Rose," "The Blue God," and "The Afternoon of a Faun" won the hearts of innumerable susceptible women. Overcome by emotion and carried out of all sense of discretion, well-known women of title and fashion hung half way out of their boxes at the Covent Garden Opera House frantically applauding their idol.

He received innumerable letters from his fair admirers and was obliged to keep three secretaries to answer them. Some of his correspondents were very modest, begging merely the gift of an old flower that he had touched or a cast-off shoe, but others went much further. He was assailed with alluring invitations to stay in ancestral palaces and to visit shady bungalows up the Thames and cosy cottages in St. John's Wood. After a while he expressed himself as maddened by these exhausting importunities. When war hardships were added to this strain, it is not surprising he broke down.

Perhaps his most outstanding performance was "The Afternoon of a Faun." In this composition the faun, represented by Nijinski, spends the afternoon in pursuit of a lovely nymph and displays marvels of agility in his task. This work was much criticized by the Puritanical at first as being an extreme exhibition of sensuality, but it has established its position as a work of art. Strange to say it was most strongly criticized in Paris, where women got up and left the theatre at the first performance. Perhaps the Parisians were able to discern objectionable features that others could not see.

Nijinski was much more than a dancer. He was the author of nearly all the ballets in which he achieved such remarkable success. In fact he was an artist of extraordinary versatility.

He was not handsome of face, according to the usual standards of Western Europe and America. Probably it was his wonderfully graceful yet powerful figure that won so much feminine admiration. A distinguished writer said of him that he had the speed of the wind, the lightness of the swallow, the strength of steel, the heat of flame and the ferocity of the tiger.

His face, however, had a strange and uncommon expression that was not without charm for many. Although of Polish birth, he is said to be descended from the Mongolian tribe of Kalmucks, and he has the high cheek bones and broad flat nose of the Mongol.

He brought a new thrill into the world of pleasure and now he is perhaps finding one by simulating madness.

Swimming Through the Air—And How the Trick Is Done

PARIS.

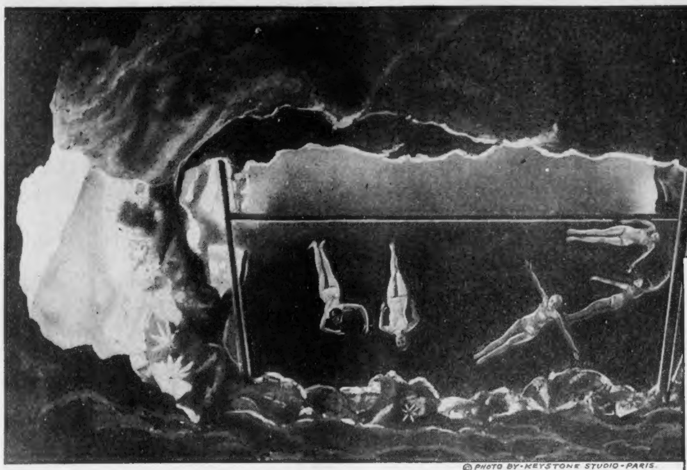
THE theatregoers of the French capital flocked to the opening night of the newest edition of the famed and daring Folies Bergere, knowing that they would see one lavish and imaginative spectacle after another, but they were hardly prepared for the surprise act of the production—an act listed simply on the programs as "The Naiads."

When the curtain rose on this scene, the stage was enveloped in darkness. Gradually a faint blue luminosity revealed what appeared to be a rocky cavern at the bottom of the sea. From a ledge of rocks in the foreground rose two jadge-green columns encrusted with shells and starfish. These columns seemed to support the roof of the cavern.

Suddenly a brilliant light filled the cave and the graceful forms of five sea nymphs were seen disporting themselves. The members of the audience could hardly believe their eyes, for the nymphs seemed, not to be swimming in water, but to be making graceful convolutions in thin air. With the serpentine ease of mermaids they floated from the bottom of the cave to the top. Sometimes they went out of view beyond the rim of the cavern's roof.

In their more spirited maneuvers, silver bubbles rose from the hands and feet of the swimmers. Then it seemed that they were not defying the laws of gravitation and floating in the atmosphere but enjoying themselves in the greenest and clearest of sea water.

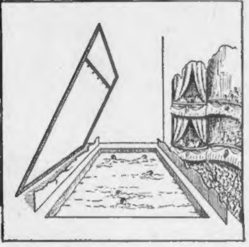
If the scene was one in which the naiads were swimming in a tank of water with a forward wall of thick glass between the swimmers and the auditorium, how was it that the young women could remain under water for minutes at a time without coming up for air? If they were not performing their convolutions in a tank of water, how could they rise and fall with such ease? Certainly they were not suspended by wires because they slipped silently from one end of the cavern to the other and would have got the wires hopelessly tangled. The audience was thrilled and mystified.


© PHOTO BY·KEYSTONE STUDIO·PARIS.

The Novel Tableau Which Features the Folies Bergere, in Paris, Where Nymphs Are Seen Disporting Themselves in Water and Air. The Photograph Shows How It Appears to the Audience.

When, during the first week of the new Folies, the illusion was explained in the newspapers, it all seemed quite simple. M. Louis Lemarchand, the producer of the show, revealed the manner in which five of his shapeliest performers could be made to swim through the air without the use of invisible wires or other stage gear.

The diagram at the right shows just how the interesting illusion was achieved. This sketch shows that the naiads were swimming in an ordinary swimming pool set in the stage. Directly behind the pool is a huge mirror—not the solid type of mirror with a backing of quicksilver, but a transparent mirror which reflects as well as permits the eye to look through it.



The Diagram Reveals How the Illusion Is Created. There Is a Swimming Pool Set Into the Stage, and a Large Mirror at a 45-Degree Angle Catches the Reflection of the Girls Gamboling in the Water and Gives the Effect of an Upright Setting. The Illusion Is Heightened by the Front Stage Set, Depicting a Grotto.

This huge looking-glass, set at a 45-degree angle, catches the images of the swimmers and shows those images to the audience. The girls are entirely hidden from view by the strip of realistically painted stage rock which forms the lower foreground of the submarine setting.

Because of the angle at which the big looking-glass is set, the young women making their way over the horizontal surface of the tank appear to be swimming vertically, to be slowly rising and falling, sometimes in a blue-green haze of atmosphere and sometimes in crystal-clear water.

The mirror itself is worthy of mention because it is so made that it not only permits the audience to see the reflections of the young women in the concealed tank but also to look through the huge rectangle of plate glass and behold a backdrop. This backdrop is so painted and so lighted that its deep blue color gives the effect of distance.

In all the years that the annual production of the world-famous Folies Bergere have been delighting Parisians and visitors to the French Capital, the spectacle has not been as lavish and entertaining as it is this season. Usually the high lights of the show are ballyhooed weeks in advance and the manner in which certain bizarre effects are achieved is fully explained to theatregoers before they ever buy their tickets.

But this year, M. Lemarchand decided that some of the features of his pageant of pulchritude were too good to give away until his patrons had a little time to wonder how this effect and that effect was possible on the stage. The scene with the naiads in it he refused to describe or explain in advance, even to the veteran critics of the Parisian theatre. He wanted to surprise his patrons.

The "swimming through the air" illusion cost the producer close to half a million francs. To begin with, he had to have the entire stage of the theatre rebuilt in order to install the big tank and to supply the tank with fresh water for each performance. Special equipment had to be designed and constructed so that the sections of the stage which cover the tank, except during the naiad number, can be removed and put back quickly.

The semi-transparent mirror was also something of a problem and an expense because it had to be made of a particular kind of glass and augmented with special lights which play on the glass in such a way that it has much of the quality of an opaque mirror as well as the transparency of plate glass.

By long practice the stagehands at the Folies Bergere Theatre have learned how to set the scene in 12 minutes and to cover the pool and remove the mirror and props from the stage in less than 10 minutes.

Keeping the Traffic Cop Warm

A NEW device, which has been adopted by the police departments of several big cities, provides a means whereby the traffic cop, even in the coldest and stormiest weather, may be kept warm and comfortable.

He will stand with one foot on each of two metal plates set flush with the street surface and close together, but insulated from each other. Connected with the plates is an electric storage battery. One plate is connected to the positive terminal of the battery, the other to the negative terminal.

Fastened to the heels of his shoes are metal calks, from which insulated wires run through rubber insoles that neatly fit the shoes. These wires are heating elements and the insoles keep his feet warm.

Other insulated wires, extending from the metal heel-calks, run up the inside of his trousers and on the inside of his coat. They are vulcanized in thin rubber strips sewn on the inside of his uniform.

When the traffic cop steps upon the two metal plates his heel-calks make the contacts to complete an electrical circuit. The current starts flowing and in 15 seconds the shoes and uniform warm up.

To Keep His Feet Warm the Policeman Stands on Two Metal Plates of Resistive Properties, Which Become Heated When Connected to a Storage Battery Circuit.

To Keep the Cop's Body Warm His Clothing Is Strung With Heating Wires Run Through Thin Rubber Strips in the Lining of His Uniform.

Birds Fight for the Weak and Unfortunate

THE first great law of Nature seems to be the law of self-preservation, and most of the creatures that inhabit the land, the sea and the air instinctively obey this law. They are, it appears, constantly engaged in the battle for the survival of the fittest. But once in a while a naturalist observes a big-hearted bird, or animal, take the law into its own hands, so to speak, and fight the battles of some other creature that is getting the worst of it in a brawl.

R. E. D. Barrington, an English scientist, in many years of studying wild life, has seen several such scenes. Not long ago he saw a caged Amazon parrot attack and kill a female siskin which had been picking on her mate. When the female came within reach of the parrot's powerful beak, the big bird thrust its beak through the bars of the cage and made short work of the quarrelsome smaller bird.

On another occasion the Englishman saw a bird called the Cariama mix in the family squabble of two black-backed gulls. The angry outsider made a vicious attack on the gull that was the aggressor in the battle and put a stop to his abusive tactics.

During a visit to India the same scientist watched a number of house crows make a massed assault on a kite that was about to kill and pluck a smaller bird. The house crow is not an aggressive creature, but moved by sympathy for the member of another species it went into battle directly and vigorously.

Not a Naughty Girl

VIENNA.

WHEN the bishops of the Austrian Church became alarmed at the spread of so-called modern dancing in their country they decided to find out for themselves just what these dances are, how they are performed and whether, as one or two of their devout number publicly charged, certain popular stage and ballroom dances are sensuous and inimical to public morals.

One of the country's outstanding champions of modern dancing is Mlle. Maria Mindszenty, pretty and talented solo dancer of the Vienna State Opera. There were rumors that her interpretation of certain dances on the floor of a celebrated Viennese hotel had shocked some of the hostelry's sedate patrons.

A group of clergymen suggested to the Austrian Dancing Masters' Association that they arrange for Mlle. Mindszenty to perform some of the more popular up-to-date dances for the eyes of a committee representing the Church. The dancing masters were more than willing to stage such a demonstration and the operatic dancer readily agreed to do her stuff, to use a slang expression, for the wearers of the cloth.

On the day set for the private dance recital the Archbishop himself appeared on the scene dressed in the sombre robes of his high office. He was escorted to a front seat, where he could observe, at close range, every twist and gyration of the pretty disciple of the modern dance.

To the strains of a well-known dance orchestra from one of the city's gayer night clubs she and a male partner circled the floor in a series of ballroom figures—round dances, as they are called. The Archbishop's appraising eyes didn't miss a step or a twist—and, what is more important, he pronounced the dances "extremely graceful and not at all sensuous." Thus did he tell Mlle. Mindszenty that she is not, in his opinion, a naughty girl.

© E-N-A

Mlle. Maria Mindszenty, Who, Under the Dance Master's Association's Auspices, Danced Before the Archbishop of Vienna and His Chancellor to Refute the Reformers' Charges That Modern Dancing Was Inimical to the Morals of Youth.

Making Typewriter "Portraits"

BERLIN.

HUNDREDS of people, scattered all over Germany, are busy tapping out portraits. Scores of these portraits have been published in newspapers and magazines and, a few weeks ago, an exhibition of these curious works of art was held in a gallery in this city.

These pictures never will enjoy the status of genuine works of art. Their claim to public attention lies in the fact that they are imaginative and ingenious mechanical creations made entirely on the typewriters of the artists.

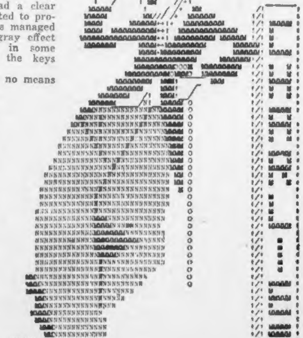
One of the best of these typewriter portraits is shown below. It is a good likeness of Charlie Chaplin, the movie comedian, dressed in his baggy trousers, his too-small coat and his disreputable shoes. The maker of the picture has not forgotten the funny man's facile cane, his bushy hair or his abbreviated mustache.

A close look at this picture will reveal that it is made largely of the characters M, N and O with a few dashes and exclamation points thrown in here and there. The "writer" of this portrait evidently had a clear idea of what he wanted to produce because has has managed to get a black-and-gray effect by striking lightly in some places and hitting the keys heavily in others.

This picture is by no means the most ambitious of the many such odd works of art shown at the exhibition. The one that attracted most attention was a profile likeness of the celebrated composer Franz Liszt. This picture was made entirely of capital X's and, at a distance of three feet, no one would have guessed that it was not a crayon drawing done by an expert.

Gracing the wall with the typewriter studies of the movie comedian and the great composer were equally interesting likenesses of other celebrities, living and dead. Bernard Shaw, the Irish satirist and playwright, was done entirely with dashes and parentheses. Nurmi, the Scandinavian distance runner, was made with the same simple characters. Pictures of Grock, the most famous of living clowns, and of Argentina, the Spanish dancer, were artistic highlights of the show.

Apparently there is no limit to the artistic effect that can be achieved on the typewriter, if the artist is imaginative and skilful enough. The fad for making portraits — to say nothing of landscapes, seascapes and still life pictures—is gaining popularity every day in Germany and the amusing idea is spreading into France and Austria.

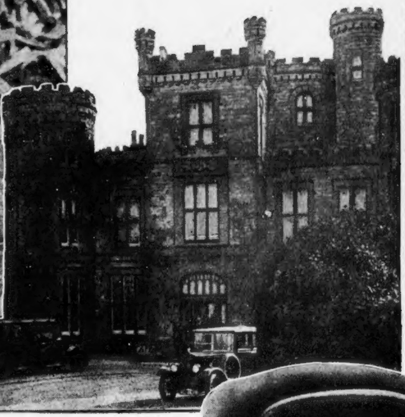


A Striking "Portrait" of Charles Chaplin, Made on a Typewriter. The Fad for Such Portraits Is Now Sweeping Germany.

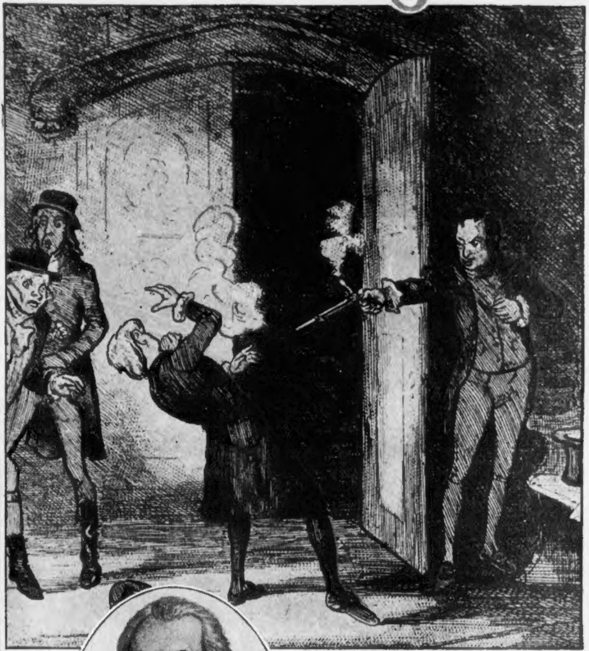
Fatal Jinx That Pursues the Lords of Egmont

The Recent Death in an Automobile Accident of the Simple Canadian Farmer, Who Had Thrust Upon Him the Unlucky Title, the Latest in the Long List of Fatalities Which Have Followed the Historic Family

The Late Earl of Egmont Grinding His Axe in Front of His Pile of Winter Wood on His Ranch in Canada—and if He Had Stayed There He Might Be Alive Still.

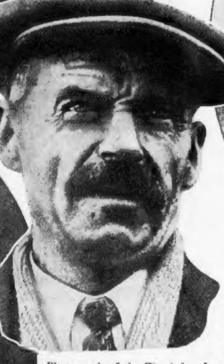


Avon Castle, the Ancestral Home of the Egmonts in Hampshire, England, Which Has Brought Little Good Fortune to Its Owners.



The Assassination of Spencer Perceval, Son of the Earl of Egmont, When He Was Prime Minister of England in 1812—The Most Notable Historic Case of the "Curse" Which Has Pursued the House of Egmont. From a Drawing by the Celebrated English Artist of the Time, George Cruikshank.

The Aristocratic Features of the Murdered Prime Minister, Spencer Perceval.



Photograph of the Worried and Weather-Beaten Face of Farmer Frederick Joseph Perceval When He Arrived at His Suddenly Acquired Castle, and Now He Has Fallen Victim of the Egmont "Hoodoo" Having Recently Been Killed in a Motor Accident.

Florence, Dowager Countess of Egmont, Widow of the Lord Who Was Succeeded by the Alberta Farmer and Who Cheerfully Turned the Unlucky Estate Over to Him.

LONDON, June 16.

THREE years ago the world was much interested in the case of Frederick Joseph Perceval, a rough, simple Western Canadian farmer, who suddenly became Earl of Egmont, member of the British House of Lords, and owner of ancient castles and estates.

No novel ever described a more surprising change of social conditions than happened to Mr. Perceval. He was at first disinclined to assume his honors, feeling that a man who had been a farmer all his life was unsuited to become a British Earl. But he was poor, and after some consideration he decided that it would be an advantage to his only son if he accepted the earldom and that he ought not to stand in the boy's way. After entering upon his honors, he was very uncomfortable amid his surroundings of tapestried halls and liveried servants. He hated to be waited upon and addressed as "My Lord."

Today Frederick Joseph Perceval, Earl of Egmont, is dead in the prime of life. He was killed in a smash-up, because he could not drive his fast motor car skillfully enough to get out of a narrow place. He was not as clever at handling a car as at roping a steer or guiding a plough. If he had stayed on his farm, as he was at first inclined to do, he would probably be alive today.

People in England are saying that this is another instance of "the Curse of the Percevals," which has dogged this ancient family for hundreds of years. Many scientists say there can be no such thing as a curse pursuing a family, but ordinary men point to the tragedies which have happened again and again in the Perceval family and in other families. Percevals have risen to fame and fortune time after time, but no sooner had one attained prosperity than some misfortune nearly always happened to him.

The earldom has changed hands four times within twenty years, and each time there has been some striking misfortune in connection with the change of possession. The tragedies, however, began long before that. Perhaps the most notorious tragedy in the family history was the assassination in 1812 of Spencer Perceval, Prime Minister of England. He was the fourth son of the second Earl of Egmont and the title passed after his death to his branch of the family. He was the direct ancestor of the recently deceased rancher peer.

Spencer Perceval was the most distinguished man the family has produced and seemed certain to be a successful and popular Prime Minister. He had recently assumed the office when his shocking and untimely death occurred. He fell the victim of a crank named John Bellingham, who had lived in Russia as a merchant and claimed that he had been robbed of a thousand dollars through the act of the Russian Government and that the British Government ought to obtain compensation for him.

Bellingham went from one department to another of the British Government claiming redress for many months. Finally he was referred to Spencer Perceval, when he was in charge of England's finances. Perceval informed him plainly that he could do nothing for him. Bellingham's sense of injury was then raised to the point of madness, and he determined to kill Perceval.

The statesman was soon after that promoted to the position of Prime Minister. Bellingham found out the hour at which he was accustomed to go to the House of Commons and stationed himself behind a door in the lobby. The old House of Commons of that day was a crazy, ramshackle Gothic building which offered plenty of dark hiding places. As Mr. Perceval passed through the lobby, Bellingham stepped from behind the door and shot the Prime Minister in the chest at close range. The statesman died almost immediately on the floor of the lobby amid the horrified members of the House of Commons.

Bellingham had another pistol in his pocket ready for use if the first failed, so that there could have been little chance of escape from this remorseless murderer. There was strong evidence to show that he was insane, but so great was the indignation against him that he was quickly hanged.

Another tragic member of the family was Sir Robert Perceval, who was mysteriously killed in 1677. That was before the King had granted an earldom to the Percevals, and Sir Robert would perhaps have received one, if he had not met an untimely death. He was prominent at the court of the gay King Charles II., who spent so much of the nation's wealth on wanton women and unscrupulous favorites.

Robert Perceval was high in favor with the King and was rapidly acquiring wealth with the monarch's help. Duelling was then a common practice among the upper classes. Vacant spaces around the court end of London were the scene of deadly encounters every morning, and sometimes the bodies were left to be picked up by the citizens.

Perceval was a skillful duellist and had removed many rivals from his path with rapier or pistol. One morning in 1677, at dawn, this court ornament was found lying dead in the Strand with his bloodstained sword beside him. Another sword was sticking through his body, pinning to it a note which said that he deserved his fate and warning people not to try to find out who killed him or they would meet the same end. It was believed he had been killed in revenge for a life he had taken in one of his duels, but whether he was killed in fair combat or whether he was set upon by a party and murdered was never settled. The affair was always involved in mystery, perhaps through fear of the persons who did the killing.

Misfortunes have fallen thickly upon the Percevals in recent times, as already mentioned. In September, 1884, Henry Godfrey Perceval, who would have become heir to the earldom, is said to have been murdered mysteriously in the wilds of Nebraska, with his wife Cornelia, daughter of the Rev. George C. Tanner. There was difficulty in proving this death, but the fact was generally accepted.

Augustus Arthur Perceval, eighth Earl of Egmont, inherited the title and estates in 1910 from a distant cousin, just as the rancher peer did, for it has been a common occurence among these unlucky people to have no direct heirs. Before inheriting his title Augustus Arthur Perceval, commonly called "Gussie," had known many hardships and misfortunes. He grew up without wealth and went to sea for twenty years as a common sailor.

When this occupation grew too hard for him he returned to London and obtained employment as a fireman. In this capacity he distinguished himself by turning the hose on a noisy political meeting and bringing it to an end. He married an American girl, Kate Howell.

When this original member of the aristocracy became Earl of Egmont the family was land poor. He, therefore, sold Cowdray Castle, the largest and most picturesque of the three family castles, to Sir Weetman Pearson, the British oil king, who afterwards took the title of Lord Cowdray. By some people the curse of the Egmonts is attributed to ancient Cowdray, but this seems unreasonable, as the misfortunes have continued since they parted with it. Some conspicuous disasters have, however, happened to the Pearsons since they acquired the old place.

Another explanation is given of the "Curse of the Percevals." Many years ago the family possessed large estates in the South of Ireland. A widow, who was about to be evicted for not paying her rent, appealed to the then Earl to postpone the eviction on account of her only son's dangerous illness. He cruelly refused to do so, it is said, and had the widow and her son cast out upon the roadside, where the boy died.

The widow in her bitter anguish went down upon her knees, and cursing the Earl, as only an Irishwoman can curse, prayed to God that neither he nor any of his successors should ever have a son to succeed them in the property. Her curse came true in the case of the Earl she was addressing, and with several others, but not with all of them. Moreover, it is pointed out that the curse seems to have been in existence long before this.

Augustus, the rough Earl previously referred to, had some more adventures before he passed on. It may perhaps be regarded as a working of the family curse when he was arrested for being drunk and disorderly in Piccadilly, the famous London thoroughfare. When ordered by a policeman to "move on," he refused to do so and used abusive language. The policeman arrested him, together with his female companion, a pretty girl who gave the name of Lina Perceval, although she did not claim to be his wife. During the night she attempted to commit suicide in the police station—perhaps another working of the family curse.

When the Earl was arraigned in the Marlborough Street Police Court he shocked the Magistrate and the police by keeping his hat on. He was ordered to take it off but refused, saying that it was his privilege as a peer of the realm to keep his hat on in a law court under all circumstances.

The surprised Magistrate enquired into the matter, decided that his lordship was right and then fined him for being drunk and disorderly. The other peers were much annoyed that his lordship had chosen this occasion for asserting one of the peculiar privileges of their order. This eccentric nobleman died childless and the title passed to his brother, who was in turn succeeded by the late rancher peer.

The late rancher Earl had plenty of trouble before his life was ended by a motor car. When he came from Priddie, Alberta, Canada, to assume the title and estates in 1929, he found his claims contested by two candidates. Chief among these was James William Perceval, a London baker who said he was the son of the eccentric roving seventh Earl, and had been born and brought up in Australia in ignorance of his exalted lineage. It was not until June, 1930, and after great expense, that the rancher Earl finally established his rights.

Then he was distressed to find that the estates were not so valuable as he had expected. He was obliged to sell off the family portraits, including works by Reynolds and Hoppner, to supply himself with cash. He tried to sell Avon Castle, one of his stateliest houses, but was unable to find a purchaser. He dismissed all his servants because he could not afford them and did not like their services. His lack of ready money and his rancher habits made him unpopular with the local aristocracy, and he and his sixteen-year-old son led a lonely life in their deserted castle. The rancher Earl at least was very unhappy.

The many tragic occurrences in the Perceval family have led to a renewed discussion of the subject of family curses. It is easy to assert that a curse cannot be inherited like a tendency to gout, but the indisputable truth is that there are many well known families which have been persistently pursued by misfortune. The most conspicuous case is that of the royal house of Stuart. The fascinating Mary Queen of Scots was born of a father who died of a broken heart a month after most of his followers were killed in battle.

She spent much of her life in prison and perished on the block. Her grandson, King Charles I, died like her on the scaffold. His son, James II, lost his throne and the latter's son and grandson were fugitives and exiles. Then the royal Stuarts became extinct. It would be difficult to argue that this ancient family, like the Earls of Egmont, were not born to be unfortunate.

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1st	$1,000
2nd	500
3rd	250
50 prizes of $100	5,000
100 prizes of $50	5,000
200 prizes of $25	5,000
300 prizes of $10	3,000
1050 prizes of $5	5,250
1703 prizes	$25,000

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2. All entries must be on official entry form, which may be secured only from DeSoto, Dodge or Chrysler dealers.
3. Write on the entry form the best description you can give of a Plymouth Floating Power Ride—in 50 words or less.
4. Judges will be appointed by the Plymouth Motor Corporation and their decision will be final. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded.
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Photo INT'L.

To Palm Beach Went Young Kahn and His Footlights Bride and This Photograph Shows Her in Snappy Costume at the Fashionable Resort.

Roger Kahn Is Great on Music. He Has Been an Orchestra Leader and Can Play Every Instrument in the Band and a Good Many Others That Are Not Allowed in a Band. Here He Is Surrounded by Some of His Noise Making Toys.

Photo DE MIRJIAN

Hannah Williams, Show Girl and Cabaret Singer and Dancer, Who Became the Wife of Roger W. Kahn, Son of Otto H. Kahn, the Well Known New York Financier.

The Handsome Residence of Banker Otto H. Kahn on the Corner of Fifth Avenue and East 91st Street, New York City. It Was Here That the Marital Squabbles Went on Until the Young Bride Put on Her Hat and Walked Out.

Photo BRADLEY Studio.

Mrs. Otto H. Kahn, Mother-in-law of Hannah.

"Just a cheerful little earful,
Gosh, I miss it something fearful,
And that cheerful little earful
Is the well-known 'I love you.'"
—From the popular song by Gershwin, Rose and Warren. Copyright by Remick.

SO sang Hannah Williams over a year ago in the musical comedy, "Sweet and Low."

And then suddenly Miss Williams dropped out of the cast of the show and married the son of one of the richest men in the world. It was Roger Wolfe Kahn, who had heard her song, watched her dancing, and had whispered in her ear the "cheerful little earful, 'I love you.'" Hannah and Roger finished their honeymoon and went to live at the splendid great mansion of the boy's father, Otto Kahn, on Fifth Avenue.

But the other day the liveried butler silently opened the door of the Kahn residence, and down the steps strode Hannah with just one dollar in her handbag. The romance was over and Hannah Williams Kahn has no desire to enter that magnificent home again, nor does any member of the Kahn household seem to have any longing to see her back there again.

Although it has been said that the poets' "love-in-a-cottage" idea is an exploded notion, yet it is possible that Hannah and Roger might have gotten along happily if they had been a poor young couple living in a furnished room.

But from the moment the song-and-dance daughter-in-law of the rich Kahns entered the Kahn mansion, her matrimonial happiness was doomed. Although Hannah was a nice little girl and had considerable natural intelligence and musical ability, yet she did not have the background of wealth, fashion and culture of the members of the Kahn household. While there was nothing against Hannah's character, yet she was hardly of the class and quality which the rich banker and his wife would have selected for their son to marry.

It was a courageous thing for Hannah to make her home in such an atmosphere of contrast with her own earlier surroundings. The girl had some misgivings and begged to set up housekeeping independently in a less fashionable part of town. But young Roger Kahn had his suite of apartments and endless musical instruments and automobiles and servants in the family mansion, and here was the place he wanted to install his bride.

If it was a "cheerful little earful" when Roger whispered his love into Hannah's ear, it was certainly not a "cheerful little earful" when a sharp-eyed friend of the bride noticed a little paragraph in the paper and read to her this cheerless earful:

"Notice is hereby given that Mrs. Roger W. Kahn (Hannah W. Kahn) is not authorized to contract any obligations of any kind in my name or in my behalf on my credit or responsibility. Roger W. Kahn, husband, 1100 Fifth Avenue."

It was not many months from the day of the wedding of Roger and Hannah to the printed notification, as given above; things moved very fast and very unhappily in the Kahn mansion. After the bride had put on her hat and taken her pocketbook with her one remaining dollar in it and walked out, she remarked:

"I simply couldn't stand any more. Things were so bad that finally I just had to get up and walk out. I never want to see Roger or any of his family again and I don't want any of their money. All I am asking is to be let alone. I am going back to the stage."

From the very outstart of their marriage career there was a strained and tense atmosphere in the Kahn home. There was constant irritation and dispute about the dignity and deportment and social graces of life in the millionaire's household. The young husband pointed out that Hannah should constantly bear in mind that she had been initiated into the mighty Kahn family and she ought to conduct herself with becoming dignity and try, if possible, to measure up to the social requirements of a daughter-in-law. She must remember that she was no longer an actress and she ought not to act like one. Having left the cheap, tinseled atmosphere of the theatre, she ought to stop her associations with Tom, Dick and Harry she had known on the stage and try to be a real daughter of Fifth Avenue.

This point of view surprised the young bride. It seemed to her that it was the attitude of a prig and she had imagined that Roger Kahn had emancipated himself from that sort of thing. Although he was the son of a multi-millionaire, he had gone to work and achieved some success with his orchestra and musical exhibitions. He had seemed to her a rather democratic and level-headed young man, and she was upset to find him preaching about dignity and social caste.

The more she thought about this attitude, the less it seemed to square with his rather democratic habits of life as she had observed them before she married him. Could it be that this was a pose to cover something else? Was the twaddle about the honor and dignity of the Kahns and his insistence on having her live in the Kahn mansion really a scheme to restrict her freedom of action, to make sure of her, to keep her to himself—was Roger jealous of her stage friends? Did he feel that under the parental roof, surrounded by the elaborate organization of the Kahn home, his stage bride would be tamed and weaned from her earlier life of freedom which goes with a stage career?

It happened that the Kahn family were at their delightful Palm Beach estate when Roger and Hannah took up life with the family. It was, as the bride had feared, a self-conscious, artificial existence for her, awed by the socially imposing new relatives. She was having a rotten time. In the household were a sister-in-law, who is the wife of Major John Charles Oakes Marriott, Scots Guards, British Army. Another is married to a wealthy and fashionable American. And there was Otto Kahn himself, not the least distinguished of the assemblage. Partner in one of the most powerful banking and brokerage houses in the world, Mr. Kahn is also a director in numerous large companies, a holder of degrees, both earned and honorary, from many universities, a high dignitary in several artistic and musical organizations, including the Metropolitan Opera Company, of which he was for a number of years president and chairman of the board, a commander of the French Legion of Honor, Knight Order of Charles II (Spain); Grand Officer Order of the Crown (Italy); Commander of the Order of the Crown of Belgium; Officer Order of SS. Maurizio e Lazzaro (Italy), and Order of the Rising Sun (Japan).

It is not to be wondered that in such august company Hannah, the daughter of a coal miner, should have felt self-conscious and uneasy. Which spoon should she use for the soup course? Which of a half dozen forks should she seize for the fish course? And when some distinguished guest asked her what paintings she enjoyed most in Italy, what would a poor girl answer who had never had time to do the art galleries of Europe?

And after dinner was over and the ladies adjourned to the salon, how could she keep her end up in the conversation when the gossip concerned men and women of wealth or title she had never seen or heard of?

The senior Mr. and Mrs. Kahn treated the daughter-in-law with invariable politeness, but she could not help feeling that they were putting up with their song-and-dance daughter-in-law because she was Roger's wife, not because they liked her. It was Mrs. Kahn who was chiefly responsible for giving her this impression, which was based on not one or two major events but on a long series of little incidents. Very soon after Hannah moved into the Kahn mansion she hesitatingly asked her mother-in-law how she preferred to be addressed—whether as "mother" or as "Mrs. Kahn."

"Well," was the chilling reply, "I suppose you might as well call me Mrs. Kahn"

While there was no reason to object to this answer to the bride's question, yet it seemed to illuminate the situation very clearly. Had there been any spark of affection or feeling of warmth toward her, Hannah knew that the mother-in-law would not have preferred to be called by the formal "Mrs. Kahn"—the way strangers, shop girls and the household servants addressed her.

Nor did Mrs. Kahn or any of her family except Roger ever show any inclination to meet Hannah's family. Neither her mother nor any of her friends were ever invited to the Kahn home. Her sister, from whom before marriage she had been inseparable, only managed to see her for half an hour during the whole time she was married.

On the question of her relation to the stage, past and future, Roger, his mother, and in this particular even Mr. Kahn, presented a united opposition. They had even considered her retirement from the stage of enough importance to be included in the official statement released to the newspapers announcing her marriage to Roger. The announcement concluded with the line:

"Miss Williams has retired from the stage and the young couple have left for an extended wedding trip."

This boycott on things theatrical was peculiarly difficult for Hannah to bear because almost her whole life had been devoted to the theatre. She and her sister had started singing and dancing when they were nine years old, and from then on she had neither done nor thought about much else. Now there was no place where she could dance; if she started to sing either Mrs. Kahn frowned at her or Roger told her to cut it out; if she thoughtlessly said anything about the stage the remark fell into a hostile silence.

One day Mrs. Kahn happened to be reading a paper and saw Hannah referred to as Hannah Williams rather than as Mrs. Roger Wolfe Kahn. She read the sentence aloud and then said:

"Isn't it too bad they keep calling you by your maiden name? But I suppose that's the sort of thing you have to expect after you've been on the stage."

Remarks of this kind, frowns, silence, disapproval, all combined to give Hannah a very uncomfortable feeling. She was upset one day when she discovered that Roger had been running to tell his troubles to his mother. It appeared that whenever they would have an argument Roger would go to his mother for support and sympathy.

One afternoon, not long ago, Hannah, Roger and Mrs. Kahn were having tea in the library of the Kahn home. Mrs. Kahn said something about the way young girls went around with their faces painted up. She thought it was terrible. At this, Roger remarked that Hannah used make-up all the time.

"I know she does," Mrs. Kahn is reported to have said, "and I don't think she should. However, I suppose you get into habits of that kind after being on the stage."

Hannah made no reply, but as soon as she was alone with Roger she told him she didn't think it was any of his mother's business whether she wore make-up or not. This argument went on for some time, and then made way for another one. Roger wanted to spend the evening at a Harlem night club. Hannah didn't; she said she'd like to go some place some of her friends went—just for a change. The disagreement ended by their going nowhere. The young couple stayed at home and went on arguing until Roger finally left the room and went downstairs to tell his mother all about it, Hannah says.

And then an unexpected thing happened, Hannah asserts. Instead of contenting herself, as usual, with soothing her son's injured feelings, Mrs. Kahn decided to take an active part in the dispute. She went upstairs to Hannah's room, strode over to the bed, seized her daughter-in-law and proceeded to give her a good shaking, Hannah says. The young wife doesn't remember many of the words her mother-in-law poured forth, but recalls this remark:

"You're just making a mental wreck out of Roger!"

At the first shake it had been clear to Hannah that as far as she was concerned the marriage with Roger was already a thing of the past. So, next morning, bright and early, she dressed herself, put on her hat, and without stopping for breakfast, without speaking a word to anyone but the butler, walked out of the Kahn home.

She had just exactly one dollar in her pocketbook when this walk-out occurred, and she hasn't received another cent from the Kahns since. Hannah is already back on the stage and supporting herself in the style to which she had been accustomed—before she married into a multi-millionaire family.

And hardly had Hannah walked out when Roger's older brother Gilbert's wife also left her husband. So now there are two empty rooms in the great Kahn mansion.

Do you agree with Mr. Bullock?

frankly—Colgate's would like to know

Roxton Pond, Quebec
April twenty-fifth
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Dear Sir:

Because I am heartily tired of hearing toothpaste propaganda hurled at me from every radio set in the neighborhood, whether I want to listen to it or not; and because your magazine advertising neither forces itself upon my attention nor makes veiled threats nor ridiculous promises when I do happen to see it, I decided a few weeks ago to use Colgate's.

I found, as I expected, that it does just what all the others do -- keeps my teeth clean. Better still, it tastes pleasant in my mouth.

A couple of days later I mentioned to a friend that I had switched to Colgate's, told him my reasons, and asked him what he used. He laughed. "I try them all," he said, "but my kids get Colgate's."

Whereupon, for the fun of the thing, I began to snoop in my friends' bathrooms whenever I got the chance, and I made the peculiar discovery that, while the adults in many cases play around with one kind of dentifrice after the other, practically all of them give their children Colgate's.

Then I asked my mother what we got when we were youngsters and she said: "Colgate's. Except that it came in a tube with a round instead of a flat opening in those days, it was exactly the same toothpaste it is now. I don't think I knew of any other kind then."

I guess Canadians like old things best and trust them most. If you have been turning out the same product all those years, have never seen the need of changing it, and don't need a battery of "scientists" to invent new phrases and new ingredients to keep it in people's bathrooms, I imagine it is a pretty reliable, pretty safe paste to use.

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Yours sincerely,

T. L. Bullock

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Sales Department
Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company
Chicago
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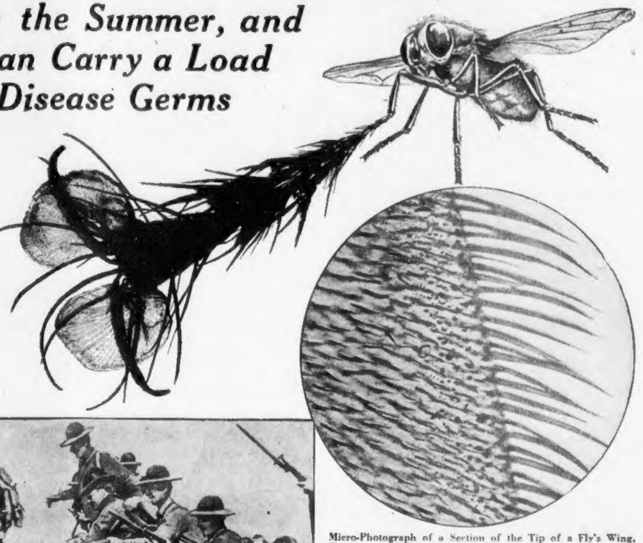
3,985,969,387,755,100 Houseflies

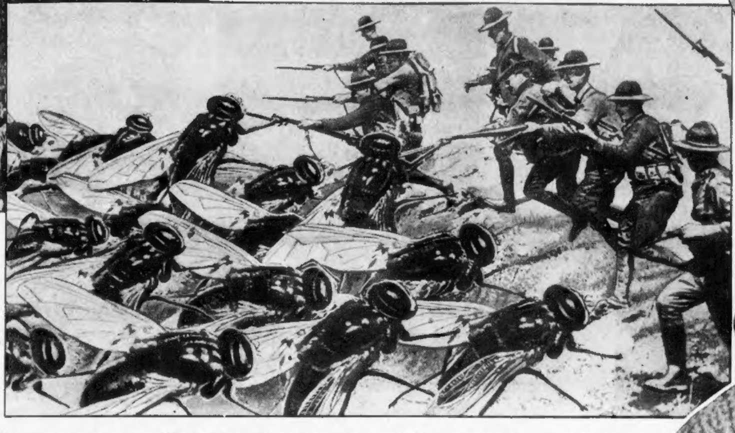
That's the Number of Children, Grandchildren, Etc. of ONE FLY During the Summer, and Each of Them Can Carry a Load of 6,000,000 Disease Germs

The Offspring of One Mother Fly, If None of Her Progeny Died and If Pressed Together, Would Fill Every Foot of Space From Floor to Ceiling in 182 Buildings of the Size of the Great Empire State Skyscraper in New York City.



The Common House-Fly Enlarged and Showing One of Its Feet Very Greatly Magnified. This Reveals to the Reader the Two Soft, Feathery Pads Which Enable the Fly to Walk Upside Down on the Ceiling—But These Pads Are Especially Well Adapted to Picking Up and Retaining Myriads of Disease Germs Which Are Scattered About Wherever the Fly Lands Next.

Micro-Photograph of a Section of the Tip of a Fly's Wing, Showing the Fringe of Little Hairs All Over the Wing Which Are Very Efficient Lodging Places for Disease Germs.



If the House-Fly Was as Big as a Wolf, Its Disease Menace Would Be Recognized by Everybody and the Army Would Be Called Out in a Campaign of Extermination.

The Fly in the Milk—Fifty Thousand Little Ones Die in the United States Every Year From Germs of Disease Implanted on Baby's Food by House-Flies.

IN the animal world it is not the big and powerful creatures which are a danger to mankind—it is the small pests in the insect creation which are the most dangerous. And among these, the common house-fly is about the worst. Scientists have traced as many as thirty different diseases to the fly.

The Bible reveals flies as the principal pests that spread the Egyptian plagues, and down through the ages they have been a curse to mankind, although unsuspected until recent years. Flies were permitted to breed in enormous numbers and were admitted to all parts of the house, because nobody suspected the relationship between flies and disease.

Although the fly is a small creature, he is capable of carrying 6,000,000 germs around with him. The little insect's feet and wings have a growth of myriads of hairs where germs take lodgment. And thus it is that the fly picks up disease germs and deposits them on the food of mankind.

Man himself is largely responsible for the house-fly, which has developed with human dwellings. If he had no closed dwellings, the fly would have difficulty in existing. It thrives because man affords it food, protection and breeding places.

The breeding habits and multiplication of the offspring of a fly is startling. A normal fly will lay an average of 600 eggs every 40 or 60 days. Giving each newly hatched fly a laying capacity of 100 eggs, restricted to her first week of life, and with a new generation born every two weeks, it is estimated that from May 1 to September 30 a single female fly would produce 3,985,969,387,755,100 flies.

It would require 182 Empire State Buildings to house this progeny. The cubic contents of New York's giant office building, 86 stories high, are 37,000,000 feet. But the appalling offspring of this one mother fly, if pressed together, would require a space of 6,756,199,116 cubic feet. Fortunately not every egg develops; but even one fly may be enough to infect the baby's glass of milk, with fatal results—it is estimated that 50,000 deaths a year result from infantile diarrhoea from germs spread by house-flies.

It used to be a subject of nursery rhymes, this harmless little fly: "Won't you come into my parlor, said the spider to the fly." And everybody sided with the fly as the pure and harmless hero, and killed the venomous spider. Or children were taught the nice little nursery rhyme:

Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me and drink as I:
Freely welcome to my cup,
Come and sip and sip it up.

Only within the past half-century of scientific research has man known of bacteria, and only within the last few decades has he come to recognize the real menace of the fly as a carrier of disease germs. The house-fly is the carrier de luxe. He is the only living creature that, breeding in germ-laden filth, has wings to carry him to the spotless home, bringing with him the menace of death.

Flies are most numerous around their breeding places, but they have been known to migrate for miles. The American investigators, F. C. Bishop and E. W. Laake, experimenting with marked specimens of the house-fly and similar species, found one fly had traveled more than thirteen miles and reached the conclusion that, with favorable wind conditions, the distance might be much greater than this. The released flies spread in all directions, before the wind and against the wind, and many were found to have traveled at a speed of four miles an hour in arriving at the spot at which they were recovered, despite their custom of frequently stopping to deposit eggs and visiting people's dining rooms to spread disease.

Thus the country fly, product of the barn yard and outhouses, can come to the city, which, even with its laws and superior sanitation and health inspectors, is not so clean itself. The fly breeds in any kind of filth and delights in the decaying and fermenting contents of the garbage pail, butcher shops, fish markets, jam factories, candy factories, restaurant kitchens, tenement cooking places. Any accumulation of refuse that can decompose gives the mother fly a place to lay her eggs. The process of decay sets up a comfortable warmth, just right to hatch out the little maggots that soon go a-traveling. These, the larvae, or maggots, soon develop a shell or chrysalis, the pupa stage, from which the finished fly in a few days emerges for his dangerous work.

Not only is the fly born and bred in filth, but after enjoying the pleasant warmth and foods displayed in the home, escapes and goes back to his filth. The fly must have decaying matter to eat as well as the cream and sugar on the dining table. Having gorged himself again on filth, he goes back to a human habitation again.

He goes to sick rooms and other foci of infection—and out again, after his migratory way. He carries germs all over him; his fly-specks are deposits of germs by the million. Col. C. M. Wenyon and Capt. F. W. O'Connor, British army investigators working in Egypt during the war, examined the fly-specks of 200 captured house-flies and found the following: the bacteria of bowel diseases, the eggs of the hookworm, and the eggs of five other worms that cause serious disorders of the intestines and liver. Their findings emphasized the fact that flies carry not only the germs of communicable diseases but also the eggs of the parasites that cause anaemia, deadly cysts of the liver and other grave internal disorders.

The case against the fly is proved overwhelmingly. Science has condemned him, but the trouble is in executing the sentence. Carelessness, ignorance, laziness, a cheerful belief of the sluggish mind that seeing is believing and the unseen peril is just a bugaboo of health officers—these are the allies of the death-dealing fly.

Nature has given him few enemies. The toad, the lizard, the spider, the wasp—these are about all—and all the flies they destroy in a single season do not amount to one-thousandth of one per cent of the descendants of one fly grandmother.

There is one inanimate enemy he has, a fungus disease, that kills more flies than all the agencies of man or the aforesaid enemies. Scientists are eagerly investigating this disease just now, with the hope that some day it may be brought under man's control and applied for the universal eradication of flies. The trouble with the fungus is that it does not kill the fly until Autumn, in August, September and October.

Everybody has seen fly victims of this parasitic fungus, called Empusa muscae. They are dead flies, with swollen, whitish, dark-banded abdomens, which are often found sticking to window-panes, walls and shelves. They are attached by the outgrowths of the fungus itself, and are frequently surrounded by a sort of pale halo composed of fungal spores.

Although the employment of Empusa muscae on a wholesale scale in a campaign against the house-fly has **been seriously discussed, it has not** proved practicable as yet because it is very hard to obtain an artificial culture of the fungus. In a recent investigation it was found that if the breeding places of flies were contaminated with the spores of the fungus, the flies would not hatch from the pupae.

Another disease which scientists are studying is the Staphylococcus muscae, which kills a certain percentage of flies in America. It may be possible one of these days to eliminate the premier disease carriers of the world by means of one of the germs they pick up.

In the present stage of war on the fly, however, the campaign must start with cleanliness, say medical men. If all filth, all decomposable organic matter, were carefully destroyed throughout America, or screened from flies there would be no flies. And to be destroyed it must be burned—not buried.

Burying garbage or other waste matter simply helps the fly along. Before it is buried, the chances are, it has been exposed to flies and female flies have deposited their eggs in it. The burial of the matter only hastens its decomposition, furnishing warmth and food for the larva when it hatches and protecting it from the sun, in the direct rays of which fly-hatching is impossible. The larva or maggot, which hatches in eight to twenty-four hours, after attaining a size of about half an inch, burrows into the nearby earth, where conditions are cooler and drier. The larva may burrow for a distance of six feet or more to find a place to attain its pupa or chrysalis stage, so that burying refuse has no effect whatever in preventing the hatching of flies.

The World War, which produced, as a balancing compensation to the loss of millions of lives, many advances in science which will tend to prolong life, added also to the store of man's knowledge in the warfare against flies. Literally plagues of flies infested the camps and trenches, and exhausted soldiers who tried to sleep during the daytime found it impossible to rest with swarms of flies crawling across their faces. Medical officers also recognized the grave danger of disease epidemics that might be spread by the fly, which caused, during the Spanish-American War, the deaths of thousands of American soldiers from typhoid. It is no easy matter, in peace time and in orderly, civilized communities, to enforce precautions that will eliminate or even reduce the breeding of flies, and under war conditions it was a ten times harder job.

In most cases it was impossible to light a fire in which waste matter could be destroyed, because this would be inviting the attention of the enemy observers. Army experts devised a method, however, of burying the waste matter and enclosing it in a fine mesh cloth through which the larvae of flies could not escape. Being unable to reach proper conditions in the ground for the purpose of passing into the pupa stage, the larvae perished and there were no flies. The idea is being applied successfully today in American communities where there are no incinerators to burn garbage.

As common as the house-fly is, there are few persons except trained biologists who can recognize him. He is very much like a number of other species which, while they may get into your house, are not attracted by human food and hence do not cause contamination and the spread of disease. One of these is the small and slender Lesser House-fly, which circles and darts about in the house in great activity. **Many people regard these as** house-flies that are not quite grown, but this is a mistake. The house-fly when emerging from his chrysalis is fully grown and never gets any bigger.

A mystery of science is—where do flies go in Winter? The question has never been satisfactorily answered. In October fly-breeding ceases in temperate climates. In late Fall and early Winter an occasional fly may survive in a warm bakery or under similar favorable conditions. But in Winter he disappears completely. Despite exhaustive scientific inquiry, it has never been definitely proved whether a small number of adult flies survive the Winter, whether they hibernate in the pupa of chrysalis stage, or how they do it. If this fact were known definitely to science, measures might be taken toward destroying the entire species in Winter when relatively few specimens exist in any stage, and the grandmother fly with her myriad descendants might never have a chance. But the fly survives, in some way, and continues to be the worst health menace to which mankind is subject.

Destruction of flies by poison spray methods has become a popular usage during the past several years, the poison being a substance not harmful to man but fatal to flies because it affects their respiratory organs. This helps to rid the home of flies, if constantly applied, but the only complete remedy, science insists, lies at the source.

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29x4.40—21	$3.59	$6.98	4.79	9.30	1.03
29x4.50—20	3.89	7.58	5.35	10.38	.95
30x4.50—21	3.95	7.66	5.43	10.54	1.03
28x4.75—19	4.63	9.00	6.33	12.32	1.17
29x4.75—20	4.70	9.14	6.43	12.48	.95
29x5.00—19	4.85	9.44	6.65	12.90	1.17
30x5.00—20	4.95	9.60	6.75	13.10	1.33
31x5.00—21	5.15	9.96	6.96	13.54	1.43
28x5.25—18	5.55	10.78	7.53	14.60	1.35
29x5.25—19			7.75	15.04	1.17
30x5.25—20	5.85	11.36	7.89	15.30	1.33
31x5.25—21	5.98	11.64	8.15	15.82	1.43
5.50—17			8.10	15.72	1.50
28x5.50—18	6.10	11.88	8.35	16.20	1.56
29x5.50—19	6.25	12.14	8.48	16.46	1.57
30x5.50—20			8.55	16.58	1.82
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29x4.50—20	6.97	13.56	1.70	.95
30x4.50—21	7.12	13.82	1.60	1.03
28x4.75—19	7.85	15.22	1.80	1.17
29x4.75—20	8.17	15.84	1.70	.95
29x5.00—19	8.45	16.40	1.80	1.17
30x5.00—20	8.65	16.78	2.16	1.33
31x5.00—21	8.85	17.34	2.18	1.43
28x5.25—18	9.10	17.66	2.07	1.35
29x5.25—19	9.25	17.96	1.80	1.17
30x5.25—20	9.45	18.34	2.16	1.33
31x5.25—21	9.75	18.92	2.18	1.43
28x5.50—18	10.30	19.94	2.35	1.56
29x5.50—19	10.40	20.18	2.43	1.57
30x5.50—20	10.55	20.50	2.57	1.82
32x5.77—22	11.60	22.50	3.40	1.93
33x5.77—23	12.25	23.76	3.40	1.97
30x6.00—18	10.65	20.66	2.35	1.56
31x6.00—19	10.85	21.04	2.43	1.57
32x6.00—20	10.95	21.24	2.57	1.82
33x6.00—21	11.10	21.54	2.57	1.82
30x6.50—18	12.10	23.48	2.55	2.00
31x6.50—19	12.30	23.86	2.60	2.05
32x6.50—20	12.65	24.54	3.15	2.10
32x6.75—20	14.65	28.42	3.15	2.10

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Adventures of a Trader in the South Sea Islands

Tragedies and Perils in the Palm-Fringed Tropical Paradises Where Nature Is Bountiful but Cruel and the Natives Live a Topsy-Turvy Existence

Photos Ewing Galloway

The Native Women of the Tropical Islands Are Affectionate and Easy to Acquire as Matrimonial Partners.

In Some of the Islands the Women Hold No Higher Ambition Than to Be the Unhallowed Wife of a White Man, and They Are Willing to Work Night and Day for Their Adored Master.

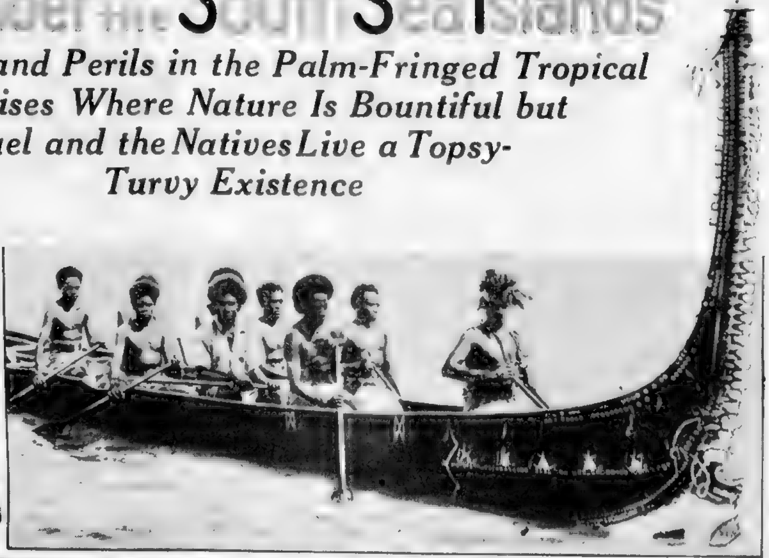
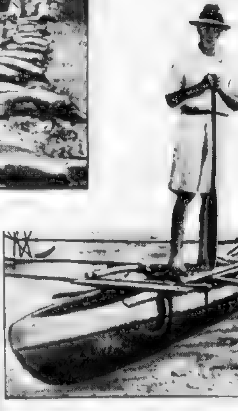


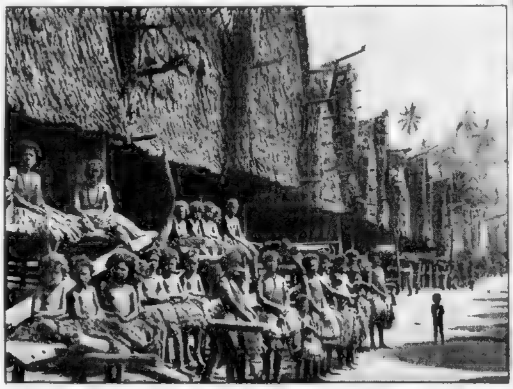
Photo Ewing Galloway

War Canoe of a Party of Ferocious Head-Hunters of the Solomon Islands.

Preparing for the Huge Feast of Pigs in the Marquesas Islands. From Photograph by Trader Richards.



"Trader Tom" in a Native Canoe.



Ladies of a Picturesque Native Village in New Guinea.

ROBINSON CRUSOE, the first and most famous of the South Sea Island adventurers, had his experiences forced on him. But many modern adventurers have willingly left their civilized homes, lured by the stories of simple life in a tropical island paradise, where the shores are fringed with coconut palms and nature's bounty provides food and shelter without worry or effort.

Mr. Thomas L. Richards, the son of a New Zealander, had followed his father to the tropical islands of Polynesia. The elder Richards was a high-class trader, treating the natives as fairly as old William Penn treated the American Indians and carefully observing the unwritten law of the white race in the tropics—to have nothing to do with the native women.

But young Tom, who left school at the age of fourteen and joined his father as a pearl trader on the Island of Mangareva, some three hundred miles from the better known Island of Tahiti, forgot his father's warning and "went native." An attractive native brown girl helped to welcome him to the island with a beguiling smile as she shrugged her shoulders and shook loose her scanty attire, standing before him just as nature made her. Disregarding his father's command to leave the native women alone, he soon found himself enjoying fishing trips with a pretty native girl of sixteen called Tua and her brother. After the Polynesian companionate fashion Tua became the unhallowed bride of young Tom and then his adventures began which are now recorded in a remarkable book of confessions called "White Man, Brown Woman," and recently published by The Mayflower Press, London

Although Trader Tom Richards is still a young man, he records many and remarkable experiences in his untrammeled life of adventure and hazard. He tracks down man-eating head-hunters of the Solomon Islands, feels phantom hands on his throat on the Island of Suwarrow, sees his father shot dead by a native madman, lives through the devastation of tropical hurricanes, survives shipwreck, is rescued from death in the tentacles of an octopus, sees natives cut their legs off to escape the jaws of a five-ton sea clam and wrestles with a twenty-foot man-eating giant eel.

Yet Trader Tom always finds time for his native sweethearts. He seems to have taken on and off many and various women in the different islands he visited and remarks on his children scattered here and there in the South Pacific atolls. Trader Tom knows that he has become an outcast so far as having any decent standing among the whites. He confesses:

"I sometimes long for the companionship of a woman of my own race. But I realize that I have lived a life beyond the pale. I am a human derelict who has made an unholy mess of life."

The experiences of Trader Tom reveal a rather different picture than has usually been painted of the ideal life in these tropical paradises of nature. Things were more or less contradictory, topsy-turvy and nature was severe and exacting in many ways.

The natives dreaded and hated sharks and when the sharks got so numerous that they ate too many arms and legs off the pearl fishermen, the natives took a few days off and went out for a shark kill. They dived fearlessly under the monsters and gutted them with their sharp knives, and the neighboring ocean was red before the day's work was finished. A quieter sport was to lasso a shark found sleeping down among the subterranean coral caverns. A native diver slipped a noose over the shark's tail, and if the shark showed signs of waking up the diver stroked him caressingly until he went back to sleep. Then the diver's friends in the boat above tugged on the rope and the shark was captured alive

But in another phase of their emotions the natives worshipped sharks, particularly a white shark, which before the missionaries came had been regarded as a divinity. On one occasion when a white shark visited the pearl fishers' lagoon, all the natives quit work and went out in canoes, chanting a strange litany. And the youthful Trader Tom saw a shriveled hag snatch a sleeping infant from its mother's arms and toss it to the shark as a human sacrifice. The old fanatic would have been guillotined had the matter been reported to the French authorities of the Islands, but Tom's father did not report it—he had to be diplomatic with the natives

Another occupation of the islanders was the capture of the octopus, which was greatly esteemed as food. The natives feared the octopus not at all, and a diver would go down alone, permit the creature to fasten its tentacles about him, then rise to the surface, octopus and all, where his companions helped pull away the clinging feelers. Once when Trader Tom encountered an octopus while diving, however, the octopus refused to rise with him, but pulled him into a subterranean coral cave. A native girl diving to his assistance saved him from this monster which measured fourteen feet across.

The natives did not fear the octopus, but very different was the giant decapod, the deep-sea devilfish, which fastened its tentacles around a whole canoe-load of natives one day and dragged them to the bottom

Hurricanes swept the small island each December, often with complete devastation, and it was after one of these storms, when seventy-two people had been killed, that Trader Tom's father was murdered by an injured native who had gone insane. It was then that the boy embarked on his roving career, for his stepmother, obtaining possession of his father's pearl trading business, sold everything and left the youth to shift for himself

Various small commissions took him to other islands—without his companion Tua, who remained where he had found her, as many of her successors were to do. In the Austral Group, where the beauty of the women rivaled that of their Tahitian sisters, Trader Tom found the attitude of the natives toward their women entirely different from what it was elsewhere in the South Seas. Whereas in other islands it was considered an honor for a native woman to take a white mate, and a still greater honor to bear him children, in the Australs the men folk were exceedingly jealous, and were even capable of sacrificing their lives to safeguard their women. When a French schooner was wrecked nearby, the captain and supercargo proceeded to make free with the native women. The revenge of the native men was to entice all the survivors on a fishing trip to sea in canoes, which they deliberately overturned. The sharks ate everybody—Frenchmen and self-sacrificed natives as well. Trader Tom decided he did not care for an Austral wife at all.

Another island, Rapa, was found by Trader Tom to have been almost totally depopulated of men [illegible] men and fishermen, had been drafted wholesale into the whaling [illegible]. The male population of Rapa had so dwindled that there were fifteen women to every man remaining. Beachcombers who really wanted to go in for that sort of thing found Rapa a paradise, for the women worshipped white men and did all the work. One American had lived there for twelve years and was the proud father of eleven children by an assortment of mothers. Another, an Englishman, preserved a monocle and an Oxford accent. He was the disinherited son of a peer, and he still maintained his gentlemanly attitude among his many wives and children

Rapa, however, was not for Trader Tom, though the women [illegible] the boat and all but shanghaied the captain and all the crew. Tom had an assignment to go to Manahiki, in the Northern Cook Group of islands, where he was to manage a trading store for twelve months

It was the quaint custom of the chief in the village of Manahiki to conduct a white guest to his favorite bedroom, and to offer the visitor his favorite daughter for a sleeping companion. The chief was quite offended if the courtesy was ever declined, so Trader Tom did not decline. The favorite daughter was named Enaupuni, and the trader took her for his cook and wife. The chief of the village was thoroughly delighted when in the course of time he was presented with a half-English grandchild, even though it was a girl

This was the occasion for a feast and great celebration, the Dance of [illegible] which had been prohibited throughout the island because [illegible] followed by wholesale [illegible]. The [illegible], according to Trader Tom, was danced in Manahiki long before it was introduced in [illegible] and in the [illegible] not and [illegible]. One thousand [illegible] had been [illegible] whole for the feast and when they completed the burning embers were scattered in a ring for the dancers to tread on. The drums boomed, as they had boomed all day in preparation, the performers danced upon the red-hot embers, gesticulating wildly, wriggling themselves into a frenzy and eventually tearing off all their clothing, whereupon they heightened the tempo of the dance by throwing the glowing embers on each other.

Manahiki was distinguished for other things, including the five-ton man-eating clam which Trader Tom, diving into the pearl lagoon, saw at the bottom. A native boy two days later was trapped in the jaws of one of these huge shellfish, and freed himself only by cutting his foot off with the razor-edge knife he used for prying pearl shell off the subterranean rocks.

It was at the haunted island of Suwarrow that the trader encountered the giant Moray eel which grew to a length of twenty feet and had a body as big as a man's. The natives loved to exhibit their prowess in capturing them, and the ferocious eels, snapping at everything, often would bite huge chunks out of a canoe. Even worse, however, from the trader's standpoint, were the ghosts of Suwarrow. This was an uninhabited island, well adapted for coconut raising, which had been abandoned because of its bloody and hair-raising history. A treasure-hunter, having found several gold pieces in the sand, had employed scores of natives in digging everywhere for a supposed hoard of wealth. He had found nothing, but his men, at first one by one and then six or a dozen at a time, died from some strange malady. A haunted shipwreck on the shoals was blamed, but the treasure-hunter refused to quit his work. At length he was murdered by his few remaining workmen, one of whom confessed to the deed years later. Trader Tom, intent upon rehabilitating the coconut plantations on the island, had similar trouble with ghosts, though he was not murdered. His laborers, reporting a strange figure walking alone at night on the beach, refused to continue work. Tom himself was attacked in his sleep one night by phantom hands which choked him, he related. Rushing to the laborers' quarters he found everyone there, sound asleep. Later when he saw two flower vases jump off their shelves, unassisted, he was convinced the island was haunted, and gave up his plantation enterprise

From that time forward he roamed the South Seas as a trader, constantly meeting new adventures. In Papeete, the important town of the island of Tahiti, he fell in love with another wife—Babette, a native dancer in a cafe. At Papeete also he took part in the "defense" of the town when it was attacked by the German cruisers Scharnhorst, Gneisenau and Dresden during the war. Trade Tom's particular company, entrenched and waiting for landing parties, got gloriously drunk and fired all their ammunition at a kerosene can which nobody could [illegible]

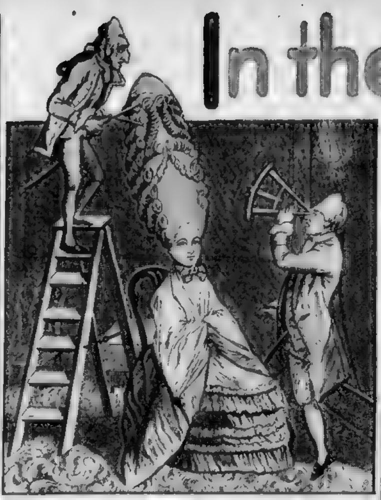
The Germans, for their part, were contented with sinking a French vessel and putting a shell hole through the Hotel du Port, after which they steamed away. Some time later, however, Trader Tom was captured by German raiders and, with the crew of their commandeered vessel, marooned on an uninhabited island, from which they escaped only after severe suffering at sea in an open boat

Again, he accompanied a pur[illegible] expedition against the head-hunting cannibals of the Solomon Islands. He tried his hand at smuggling opium and was shot in trying to escape from French gendarmes, and at length settled down in Tahiti with his fifth or sixth native wife, Babette. Then he fell in love with a white girl, daughter of a visiting physician, but she sent him back to Babette when she learned of his six half-caste children.

In the "Good

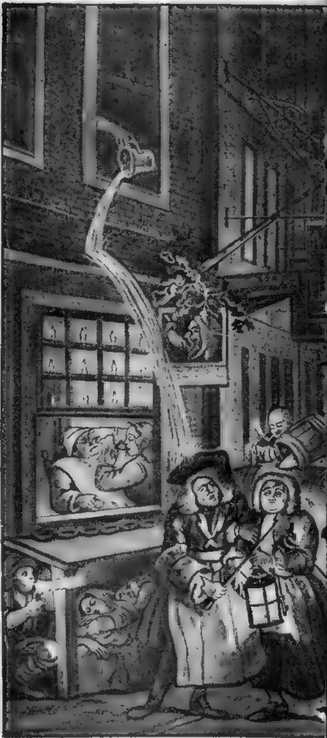
Miseries of Every-
Our Ancestors En
Complaint Beca
Occurred to The
Any Escape fron
and Discomfort
Modern World

From Time to Time the World Was Swept by Plagues, Which Destroyed Countless Thousands and Struck Palace and Hovel Alike. This Painting by Sir John Collier Shows a Lover Shrinking in Terror From His Sweetheart, Whom He Finds Dead of the Pestilence.



Fashions in Clothes and in Women's Hair Were So Preposterous That Artists Occasionally Caricatured Them. From an Old French Print of the Louis XVI. Period.

Plague Doctor With a Nose Protection Mask Filled With Frankincense.



A Scene After Nightfall in a London Street 200
Artist, Willia

CHAPTER I.

WELL-MEANING people frequently remind us of the simple, wholesome, happy lives our ancestors are supposed to have lived in the good old unscientific days, a few generations ago, before the present mercenary and mechanical age.

The truth is that the lives of our forebears, at their best, were dirty, dull and dangerous almost beyond belief. Theirs were short lives but far from merry ones, and from day to day even the rich went in dread of calamities that nobody dreams of today.

From king to beggar, everyone scratched unashamed, for vermin and the seven-years-itch were taken for granted, like taxes and the weather. Princes in their palaces put up with discomforts and miseries which would cause the landlord of a modern slum tenement to go to prison. Smallpox in those pre-vaccination days was so universal that if a criminal happened not to have a pock-marked face, that peculiarity was always the first and most important item in his description. They suffered from infantile paralysis, influenza and all the other diseases we make such a to-do about today, but in the good old days they went unnoticed in the presence of more dreadful scourges.

Things were wretched enough while our ancestor managed to keep his health, but when he fell sick his prospects were so fearful that one wonders that a patient ever had the courage to give himself up to the doctor, especially the surgeon. A symbol of those good old days is the red and white pole still to be seen in front of barber shops and which used to represent a bandaged limb. In the country districts the barber not only shaved and cut hair but was the surgeon.

A person to-day who had accidentally crushed his foot would feel discouraged indeed if the best his friends could do for him was to carry him into the nearest barber shop and hold him down while the artist at the first chair operated on him with a razor and no anaesthetics. Yet this was part of the simple, natural life less than a century ago.

In the cities were sure-enough hospitals where the regular surgeon would accommodate you with more elaborate instruments and some knowledge of anatomy, but transportation was so crude that it was impossible to move the country victim there in time. According to the records, he stood a better chance of surviving at the hands of the barber than he would in the hospital, anyway

The ancient barber shop was far from the clean, spic-and-span thing we visit today. It was only an ordinary room which was swept out whenever the barber thought the hair was getting too thick around his feet, but, at that, it was an infinitely safer place in which to take the awful chance of an operation than the best hospital

As soon as the shades of night fell the world was a gloomy and dangerous place. There were no street lamps out-of-doors and only candles inside the houses. The streets and country highways were infested by footpads and highwaymen, and travelers were only safe if they went about in large parties strong enough to fight off gangs of robbers.

Nobody was safe either alive or dead 100 years ago. The only way a physician could learn anything about human anatomy was by dissecting somebody who had died. But the law made it a crime to supply subjects for medical research, and therefore the business of robbing graveyards became widespread. Body-snatchers were on the payrolls of all medical schools.

Fashions in clothes and in women's hair were so preposterous that artists caricatured them. But the styles went from one grotesque extreme to another. There were none of the comfortable clothes of modern times, and the women suffered without complaint.

As good a picture as any of hospitals, surgery and medicine of the good old days is presented in the "Conquest of Disease," by David Masters, a book recently published by John Lane of London. Describing the hospitals of Europe in 1866, he says:

"Only one patient out of three who had the leg amputated through the thigh lived to tell the tale. If a person met with an accident which fractured the bones in two or more places and broke the skin, death was almost certain to supervene from gangrene. In Munich eight out of every ten people operated on died of gangrene. So appalling was the mortality that people talked about burning down hospitals in order to stop the thing which nobody understood."

While some doctors regarded it as natural that they should lose this number of cases, many raised their voices in protest. John Bell, a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh and one of the leading surgeons of the city, wrote of gangrene (a pus-running infection):

"There is no hospital, however small, airy or well regulated, where this epidemic ulcer is not found at times; and then no operation dare be performed, every cure stands still and every sore is apt to run into gangrene; but in the great hospitals it prevails at all times. Such were its ravages in the Hotel Dieu of Paris that the surgeons did not dare call it by its true name, 'hospital gangrene.' They durst not pronounce that name, for it sounded like a death knell; at the hearing of that ominous word the patients gave themselves up for lost. In the Hotel Dieu the gangrene raged without intermission for 200 years."

John Bell before Lister's day was asking himself how this dread disease could be stopped, but he did not know. He laid the blame on the hospitals, saw that somehow they were the cause of the infection and wrote strong words for the young surgeon to read:

"Let the surgeon bear this always in mind, that no dressings have ever been discovered to stop this ulcer, that no quantities of wine or bark which a man can bear have ever retarded this gangrene; let him bear in mind that this is a hospital disease, that without the circle of the infected the men are safe; let him therefore hurry them out of the house of death; let him change the wards; let him take possession of some empty house and so carry his patients into good air; let him lay them in a schoolroom, a church, on a dunghill or a stable; let him carry them anywhere but to their graves."

The knowledge that he was in all probability doomed was only one of the things a patient had to think about when he entered one of those ancient houses of pain. There were no anaesthetics. He knew that he would feel every touch of the knife, saw and needle. It is not surprising that many patients had to be carried in by friends and relatives screaming, fighting and pleading to be allowed to die peaceably in their own beds.

No wonder that hospitals were called "butcher shops." Like butcher shops, and for the same reason, the floors were covered with sawdust; it was simpler than scrubbing away the blood every day. In the floors were iron rings to which patients were lashed with ropes. When this was done, the surgeon, without washing his hands or instruments, worked as fast as he could.

As soon as the ordeal was over, the sufferer was put in bed in a neighboring room. While he waited to find out if he was to be among the lucky few destined to escape hospital gangrene, his nerves were wrung by the shrieks of the victims who followed him under the same unwashed knife. Despite all this, some people did get out of those hospitals alive and sane.

It was customary at this period to grant certain prisoners condemned to death the alternative of allowing the hospital surgeons to perform experimental operations supposed not to be dangerous. The opinion in which these hospitals was held is shown by the fact that criminals almost invariably preferred to be hanged and have it over with by the competent hangman rather than suffer the long-drawn-out agony of gangrene.

That hospitals nowadays are no longer vestibules of the grave is chiefly due to Joseph Lister, a young surgical genius who invented the gut sutures with which surgeons of this day still sew up wounds, but death followed his knife almost as often as those of the less skilled. The wound that was clean and healing when he looked at it last night today changed color, began to discharge and the patient was as good as dead. What was the use of being a master surgeon if this strange thing ruined good work as well as bad? Lister began groping in the dark, but they were the gropings of genius in the right direction.

The thing he sought was erratic and incomprehensible. The strong man would die in the hospital despite skilful work and attention, while the sickly girl, operated on by candle light in her own house, because she was too far gone to be moved, often got well. The most learned men of the day told Lister that gangrene was the outward sign of inward decay, that the death came from within. If so, why did it not always strike down the weak first? Lister began to seek some cause outside the body.

His first step was to wash not only his own hands and instruments, but to make nurses wash theirs. He even threw out the nasty sawdust and had the floors of the operating room scrubbed. Soap cost money and was looked upon as a luxury somewhat like cosmetics today. There was much criticism of this expensive cleanliness, especially as it failed to affect the death rate.

The failure of soap and water did not discourage the searcher nor throw him off the track, and his first real clue came from reading a paper by Pasteur, his great contemporary, the Frenchman who discovered the microbe. This paper said nothing about gangrene, but told how tiny living organisms caused putrefaction. Lister's heart beat fast as he read. He had never heard of a germ before, but with the instinct of genius he felt that here was the invisible enemy from outside that was destroying his patients. There must be a gangrene germ and he must find a way to kill it. Soap was not strong enough.

As nobody knew about germs nobody knew about germicides, but this genius quickly found a good one. He heard that the municipal government of the city was deodorizing sewage with carbolic acid. His quick mind jumped to the correct conclusion that the acid killed the odors by killing the putrefactive germs.

Lister at once sterilized hands, instruments and bandages with carbolic acid, and it was the beginning of the end of gangrene, the scourge of the hospitals. But like most every other great scientific discovery, this was fought with ridicule and bitterness. People could not comprehend the germ theory and railed at him, but after a while results told. The patients of Lister and those who followed him got well, while other patients who were treated in the good old way kept right on dying. Some people, even in this enlightened day, persist in denying the "germ theory," but when they go to the operating table they are just as insistent as anyone else in having everything sterile.

To many the likelihood of death was not as dreadful as the certainty of torture under the knife, and one would suppose that the discovery of anaesthetics would be hailed with unanimous approval. Nothing could be further from the case. Ministers and even doctors thundered against the new and "wicked" thing; laws were passed forbidding its use, and the first ether and chloroform had to be given by stealth and bootlegged about.

Dr. Horace Wells, a dentist of Hartford, Conn., in 1844 put a patient to sleep with nitrous oxide (laughing gas) and pulled a tooth painlessly. Sir Humphrey Davy had discovered this anaesthetic many years before and recommended it to the medical profession, but nobody had even taken the trouble to call him crazy. Dr. Marcy, a fellow townsman of Wells, in the same year used ether in cutting out a small tumor.

Wells went to Boston to demonstrate before a great convention of physicians, but something went wrong with his test and they all went away laughing at his laughing gas. However, the story of it drifted across the ocean and reached the ears of a great man with a tender heart, Sir James Young Simpson. A physician-in-ordinary to the Queen and professor of midwifery of Edinburgh, he was a man to be listened to with respect. Nevertheless he did not get it when in 1847 he announced that with ether he had delivered a child without pain. The world was shocked. It hoped the great man would not do anything like that again, but he did, and shocked his wife, too.

Mrs. Simpson, leaving the dinner table where her husband and two physician guests were eating and chatting, stepped into the kitchen for a moment. When she returned the three men were under the table. At first she thought they were dead, and then intoxicated. Finally they opened their eyes and explained they had taken that occasion to try a new chemical, chloroform.

Soon Simpson had the drug in use and unde his instructions Dumas and other surgeons wer performing major operations painlessly, and h

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himself used it to do away with the pains of childbirth. Then came a storm of opposition which was based mostly on religious grounds. Pain was a natural thing to which man had been condemned since Adam. It was natural for man to be born in pain and therefore wicked for anyone to interfere with a natural function. Even physicians took that point of view.

Some of these doctors have made themselves famous along with the "historical fools" who opposed antiseptics and vaccination, but they made a lot of trouble for Simpson, causing ridiculous laws to be passed and millions to suffer needless agonies. Finally Queen Victoria put an end to the bigoted nonsense, in England at least, by inhaling chloroform at the birth of one of her children. Perhaps the strangest thing of all is the fact that Simpson himself was among those who persecuted the great Lister, thereby almost becoming one of the historical fools himself.

Those who sneer at the modern materialistic age and imagine that things were better in bygone days, when people gave more thought to "higher things," should learn a few real facts about the Middle Ages. In that highly pious era spiritual matters were all important and material things, such as comforts, property, health, cleanliness, security and even life itself, were despised. In "Devils, Drugs and Doctors," Howard W. Haggard writes:

"During the early part of the Middle Ages there were no trained surgeons in Europe. The only men with any medical education were the Jews; they had studied in Arabia. The Church forbade the employment of these men, though the officials of the Church did not hesitate to consult them in cases of serious illness. At no time during the Middle Ages or even during the Renaissance did physicians undertake any surgical work.

"Surgical operations were performed only by barbers or by vagrant practitioners who wandered about the country or set up their booths at fairs. The surgery of the time was so crude and barbarous that Gregory of Tours, in the sixth century, advised that the people should emulate the saints and endure their pain with patience rather than submit to operation."

Nobody Was Safe, Either Alive or Dead, a Hundred Years Ago. This Sketch by the British Artist Cruikshank Shows a Group of Body Snatchers at Work Robbing a Graveyard to Sell Their Victims to the Doctors for Anatomical Study.

He points out that as late as the eleventh century armies had no surgeons. The Norwegian King Magnus the Good, after his battles, used to select twelve of his soldiers with the softest hands to attend the wounded, but most of the care was by camp followers, disreputable women who, in the good old days, were sometimes as numerous as the army they followed.

In the good old days there were no boards of health to come pestering around making you clean up things and put in expensive plumbing, quarantining your child because it had a contagious disease and nailing a placard on your door. If it is true that what you don't know won't hurt you, our ancestors should have been blissful and healthy in their ignorance of germs. As a matter of fact they were in mortal terror of certain mysterious and fearful visitations such as the black plague.

The plague came from the East and is even now to be found there in China, where they still enjoy the filth, ignorance and poverty of the good old days. Its ravages were heard of even before the time of Christ. In the Middle Ages the Crusaders brought it back with them from the Holy Land. Later it traveled in sailing vessels. In one visit the "black death" cut the population of England almost in half. The very rumor that a case had appeared in a town was enough to send its inhabitants running to hide in the country.

"Death stalked them, wherever they went," writes Masters. "One hour they would feel quite well. The next day they would begin to feel ill and terror would light their eyes. They would reach feverishly under their arms and the dread swelling making its appearance there told them the rest. Within twelve hours they might be dead. Those were lucky who survived three days.

"So dreadful was the mortality that many places were like towns evacuated during the war. You could steal into them and find no signs of life. The houses were shut up and behind the closed doors the people lay dead. The plague had wiped out nearly all who lived there. The survivors had snatched up a few belongings and rushed madly away, many of them dying by the wayside.

"The whole of East Anglia was a place of mourning. In Norwich the plague blotted out over 50,000 human beings; in London at least 100,000 lives were sacrificed."

Queen Elizabeth, the greatest of English monarchs, who boldly awaited the mighty Spanish armada and crushed it, shut herself up in Windsor Castle and built a gallows especially to hang anybody who approached her retreat. It was a harsh sort of quarantine and of no value to the rest of the country, but it worked. While people were dying like flies in London and elsewhere the Queen escaped.

In another outbreak the roads from the city became congested with a solid mass of white-faced humanity in carriages, on horseback and on foot. Some carried a few valuables, some a little food and others fled empty handed. The smaller towns turned these hordes away with armed guards who threatened death, because with them marched the plague.

There Was No Real "Medical Science," and Doctors Performed Clumsy Operations and Administered Preposterous Drugs. This Is From an Old Print in the Royal College of Surgeons, London, of Dr. Martin Van Butchell, a Notorious Quack of 150 Years Ago, Who Advertised Himself by Riding About on a Spotted Pony.

Those who were compelled to remain barricaded themselves in their houses in an attempt to shut out the plague. Everywhere red crosses were marked on the doors and the pitiful words painted: "Lord have mercy upon us." Occasionally a poor wretch on some desperate errand would dart like a fugitive from a house, and the others left behind in the silence of death that had settled on the noisy city, would wait in suspense, not knowing if the messenger would fall dead or if he would manage to return with his mission accomplished.

The plague carts wandered through the deserted streets, the wheels rattling eerily over the cobblestones. "Bring out your dead! Bring out your dead!" rang the dreadful cry that echoed around the houses. A historian continues:

"There was no time to bury the dead decently, not enough wood to make coffins for the most of them, even if coffins for the poor were customary and the joiners could be found to nail them together; no time to dig separate graves.

"Men went about the city with axes, killing every dog they saw until not a living dog remained. Twopence a head was the price given by the authorities for each animal slain, and those who instituted the movement, under the impression that they were doing a public service, little knew that they were making things worse."

Somehow people had gotten a hazy glimpse of the truth that the pestilence was brought to them by an animal. It was just near enough right to be worse than no knowledge at all, for they picked on the wrong animal. It was not man's ancient friend, the dog, but his equally ancient foe, the rat. Dogs were the scavengers of those old cities and were skilful rat catchers. In the hour when man needed his four-footed ally the most he exterminated him.

Freed from their natural enemies, and seeing that man himself now skulked as rats usually do, the rodents multiplied in great droves, swarming fearlessly over the stricken metropolis. They too, however, died from the disease they carried and their decaying carcasses in the walls and under the floors of the houses added one more detail to the picture and made certain that no dwelling should escape the breath of the plague. An account of the period says:

"Hamlets and towns in the adjoining counties sought to protect themselves by posting cordons of armed men, and London became a beleaguered city, and many a person in the latter days who tried to escape was slain by the guards of the sanitary cordon for refusing to return. In September alone 35,000 persons were wiped out, and there is no doubt that the deaths of thousands more were left unrecorded.

There Were No Sports Roadsters as Late as Fifty Years Ago, and Smart Young Women Rode About on Bicycles, Which Had Enormously High Wheels and Were Difficult to Ride.

"Law and order ceased to be. Dying people were murdered for their belongings and their murderers in their cupidity literally stole death, and themselves died of plague within a few hours. 'There goeth a tankard that shall infect the fifth cupboard,' said a writer of those days; 'here a set of spoons that taint the hundredth dish of broth; this man steals a cloak that kills ten men; another buyeth a suit that infects Bristol; and a third gets a fine child's coat that shall cut off a first-born son. In vain do you here object to the severe laws against removal of infected goods before the forty days are past, when the careful nurse does not stay forty hours, lest a rightful owner interpose, or cunning lawyer seize the house and estate.' Truth flamed out of this pamphlet, but the criminals went their ways to their graves.

"I have the pleasant recollections of Eyam, a little village set in one of the lovely dales, and the part their gallant ancestors played in those far-off times. A box of clothing from London brought the plague to the village, and in four days the person who opened it was dead. By the time the vicar had read the burial service over five more of his parishioners he realized the seriousness of the situation. Twenty-six people were carried off during the following month, and William Mompesson, the vicar, urged his flock to do their duty and cut themselves off from all communication with the outside world in order to prevent the infection from spreading.

"Courageously they obeyed. They swore an oath that they would not stir outside their boundaries until the curse was lifted from them. They refused all contact with their fellows. Food was left for them at certain times in particular places, and beyond that mark they would not set foot. 'Here is where the food was placed,' I was told. It was difficult to link the plague with that quiet scene. Nevertheless, it was here that the sturdy people of Derbyshire grappled with the disease, nursing each other, praying with their vicar that the pestilence might be removed.

"For a year they bore their ordeal without flinching, and in the end only thirty-three survived of the 360 souls in that little community. Right reason have the quiet folk of Eyam to be proud of the part their ancestors played in those dreadful days."

It was fondly believed in those times that the King could cure disease by his touch, and that was one of the regular royal jobs, but during one of the visitations the following quaint advertisement appeared in "The Intelligencer":

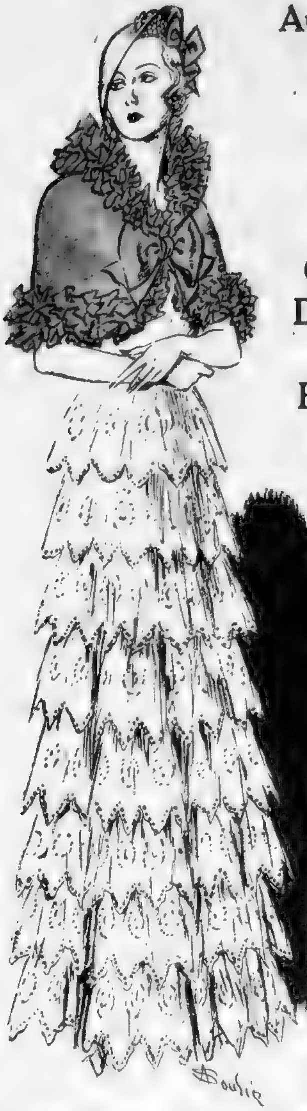
"THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE THAT HIS MAJESTY HATH DECLARED HIS POSITIVE RESOLUTION NOT TO HEAL ANY MORE AFTER THE END OF THE PRESENT APRIL UNTIL MICHAELMAS NEXT: AND THIS IS PUBLISHED TO THE END THAT ALL PERSONS CONCERNED MAY TAKE NOTICE THEREOF AND NOT RECEIVE A DISAPPOINTMENT."

Helplessness and hopelessness were complete. Today the sick man, no matter what his ailment, calls the doctor with some hope of at least being helped. For the plague victim there

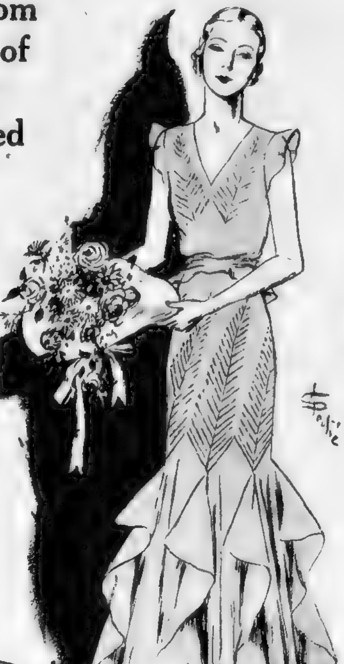
Continued on Page 24

The New Summer Evening Gowns

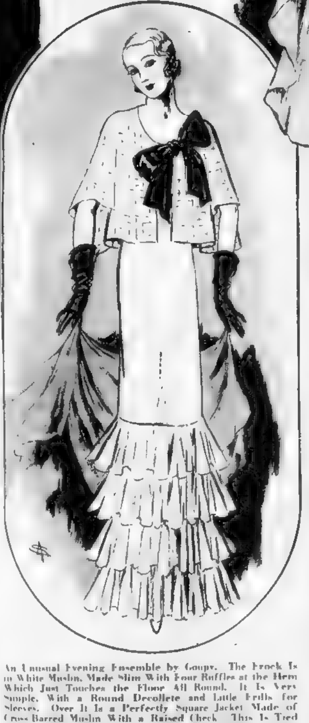
Authoritative and Newest Fashions From the Studios of the Most Distinguished French Creators, Drawn by Soulie, Foremost Fashion Artist of Paris



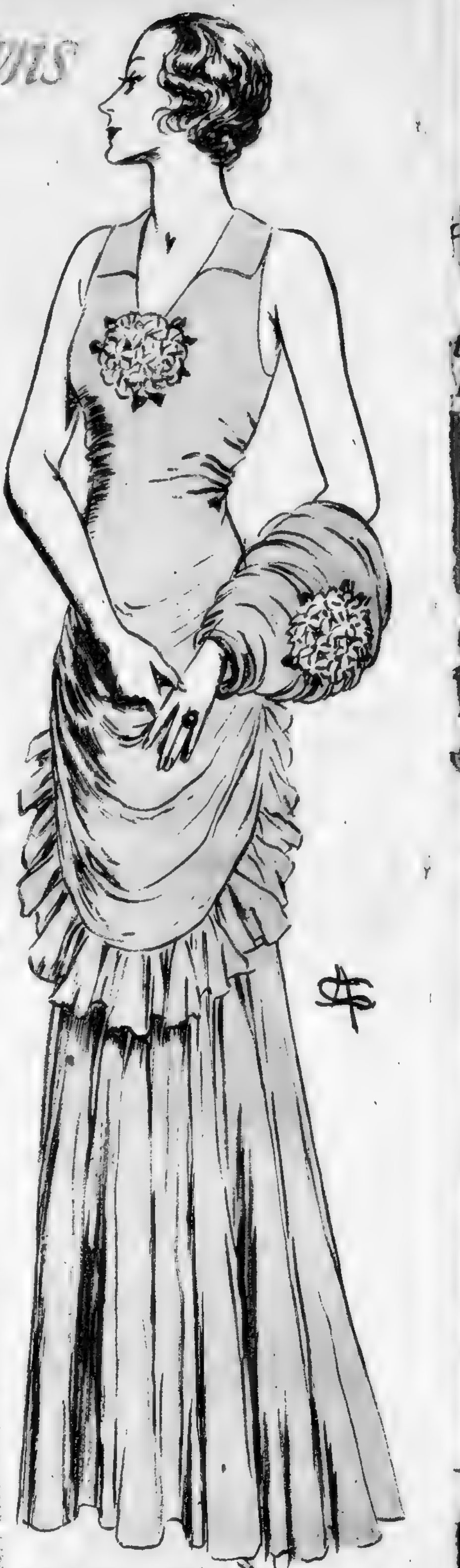
Old fashioned Embroidered Muslin Is Used for This Gown by Callot, With Its Little Ruched Taffeta Jacket and Shepherdess Hat, and Also Worn Without Wrap and Hat. The Skirt Is a Series of Ruffles, White Embroidered in Scallops and Dots of Blue. The Ruchet Jacket Is of Bright Blue, While the Hat Is a Natural Colored Straw Tipped to One Side and Held on With Blue Taffeta Ribbons, and a Knot of Little Pink Roses on Top and Just Under the Brim.



This Cotton Organdie Gown From Jane Is Worn on the Stage by Pretty Meg Lemonnier. The Color Is a Fresh Lettuce Green. The Skirt Is Bouffant and Cut in Flanges That Make Cascades All Round It, Starting Above the Knees. The Top of the Skirt Is Run in Pin Tucks Like Palm Leaves. The Little Fitted Bodice Has a Tiny Peplum Frill and Is Done in the Same Palm Leaf Tucks. There Are Little Juting Frills Over the Tops of the Arms.



An Unusual Evening Ensemble by Goupy. The Frock Is in White Muslin, Made Slim With Four Ruffles at the Hem Which Just Touches the Floor All Round. It Is Very Simple, With a Round Decollete and Little Frills for Sleeves. Over It Is a Perfectly Square Jacket Made of Cross Barred Muslin With a Raised Check. This Is Tied in Front With a Huge Bow of Black Velvet Ribbon. Black Gloves and Black Slippers Are Added to It.



A Gown by Ralot in the Revived Handkerchief Linen, a Novel Material for Evening. The Color Is Pastel Blue. The Top Part Is an Apron Effect, Draped, and Finished With a Frill That Runs Up in the Back Like an Apron. The Moderate Decollete Is Finished With Little Turned-Back Revers and Accented With a Bunch of Small Pink Daisies. With This Gown Is Carried a Muff of the Same Material, Decorated With the Same Pink Daisies in a Round Bunch Surrounded by Green Leaves. Pale Blue Crepe de Chine Completes This Summery Costume.

PARIS, June 1[illegible]

NEVER has there been greater variety than in the materials chosen for Summer evening gowns by the Parisian haute couture. Fabrics that we have been used to associating with cottage decoration or with children's clothes, have made a bold debut in evening fashions. Striped, checked and flowered cottons, linens in medium and handkerchief weights, dotted Swiss, cotton crepe, piques plain and striped, white, colored or flowered, and other unusual materials run riot in the Summer mode. The gowns on this page are in old fashioned embroidered muslin, in white muslin combined with cross-barred organdie, in cotton organdie, and in handkerchief linen, all of them designed for evening wear. Now that [illegible] there are plenty of fine, warm nights on which to wear them.

The evening fashions of the midseason collections which have just been shown in Paris fall into several categories. Besides being in fragile summery materials and in fabrics showing first indications for Autumn, they were in several distinct styles. Bouffant skirts with great swirls to them (like the model from Jane on this page) were done in organdie and muslin. Chiffons, both plain and printed, were interpreted in soft folds, with considerable width at the hems; and also in very slim, pillar-like silhouettes, sometimes finely plaited throughout their length. Others, especially those in the finer cotton materials, such as pique, were reminiscent of the old "bell" skirts. While the early Fall evening gowns, in mat crepes, satins or laces, were sometimes slim and column-like, and sometimes softly flowing.

In addition to these various types, there are found at several houses gowns of stiff materials, taffeta, faille, or slipper satin, with an 1890 suggestion in their flared cloche skirts, neat waists, and big puffed sleeves, either short or of almost elbow length. Even in the thin materials some very old-fashioned gowns were seen. An example from Callot is sketched on this page. The gown is intended to be worn with its little ruched cape and Eighteenth Century shepherdess hat to a big day at the races, and without cape and hat to a Summer dance afterwards.

The dress from Goupy is also intended for both formal afternoon, such as garden parties, and supper evening occasions. The skirt has four ruffles at the hem, with a faint suggestion of the modes of the early Nineteenth Century. The bodice has a rounded decollete and little puffed sleeves. Over it, in the afternoon, is worn a perfectly square jacket of crossed-barred white organdie, tied in the front with a huge bow of black ribbon. This combination of a cotton material with black velvet is repeated by Goupy in a white pique frock with belt and bows of black velvet as accents on its bodice.

The dress from Ralot—a new house—is made of pale blue handkerchief linen, certainly a novel material for an evening gown. Here the apron drapery of the Eighties is interpreted in modern fashion. With it is carried a muff of the same material, decorated with the same pink-tipped daisies that are worn at the point of the decollete. They are formed into a naive round bunch and surrounded with their green leaves.

Several houses use artificial flowers on their evening frocks in original ways. Worth surrounds one arm of his printed and plain organdie frocks with a garland of flowers in two colors, repeating the colors of the pattern. Augustabernard shows a frock in black chiffon combined with satin, with a little fichu-cape collared with large white Easter lilies, that lie round the neck like a fur collar. One of Lelong's frocks in pale blue has little revers of closely massed white flowers. He also likes to tuck a round bunch of flowers into the side of a scarf, close to the face. Chanel continues to use her Hawaiian leis of ragged pique petals on her pique evening frocks, which are now colored instead of in the original white. Under the skirt of some of her cotton and linen evening gowns her mannequins wear starched white petticoats to give the necessary flare. This is progressing backwards with a vengeance.

It is noticeable, in the midseason collections, that the high or veiled decolletes, that formed a feature of the February showings, have given place to deeply cut-down backs, sometimes right to the waist. The crossed bands and fichu effects, however, continue to be in favor. In a few houses, such as Worth's, the back decollete is in a narrow oblong, deep, but not wide, and this is sometimes surrounded by a naice frill, especially when the gown is made of flowered organdie.

Little puffed sleeves and frills or ruffles over the top of the arm often give the added width to the shoulders which we like for models of all times of day at present. Once in a while, a chiffon, obviously designed for evening, will be made with long fullish sleeves, on the order of bishop sleeves, so that, at a pinch, it may be worn for a formal afternoon occasion, for the gown that can adapt itself to different events and different hours stands a better chance of being bought than that which is designed for one type of occasion only, this season.

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The quality of Ethyl Gasoline is maintained by laboratory inspection of samples collected daily in all parts of the country. When you buy Ethyl Gasoline, your car is safe from all the gasoline ills of impurity, gum, sulphur, vapor lock, and harmful knock.

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DESIRE

By Madeleine Sharps Buchanan

The Fascinating Story of a Girl Who Risked Everything for Love

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

BEAUTIFUL Nairne Manderson is the leader of the wild and wealthy [illegible] Nairne and her crowd are the scandal of the town's [illegible] element.

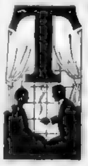
At a hilarious house party at Nairne's palatial home, Broadlawns, attended by her followers, handsome Tony Lynn, last of an old family and a [illegible] and landscape [illegible] Blair and [illegible] Dulce Carson, Mary Dean [illegible] Rube Worrow, Arthur Pipping, son of the town's political boss, Nairne offers [illegible] she can bring [illegible] the girls [illegible] in two months make her exactly like themselves. Arthur Pipping and Dulce [illegible]

The [illegible] wager is Prudence Bristow, secretary to John Mawlise, a poet who [illegible] escapes with a sprained arm and [illegible] insisting she stay until she is fully recovered. Prue faints when she attempts to leave.

Nairne [illegible] Tony Lynn the heartbreaker [illegible] to see what he can [illegible] about persuading Prue [illegible] That evening, when the house party has gone to a dance and the spirit of Broadlawns is beginning to throw its spell over Prue, Tony appears.

CHAPTER VII.

Tony Is Impressed.



THIS, then, was Anthony Lynn. Prue looked at him through startled eyes.

"Oh, yes," she said primly. "I've heard of you—of course."

"I don't exactly like that 'of course,'" grinned Tony, and it was unusual for him to smile so much. "But I see that you are not comfortable because you have on only that distracting thing of Nairne's. I fancy it is Nairne's, because I don't believe you travel about in the evening with a fluff like that in your pocketbook. Do get into something substantial and come for a ride with me. It is too nice a night to waste."

Yes, Prue knew that it was the night of nights. Was she a quitter or was she brave enough to make the most of it? If she was not, there was no use of lounging any more in that old brown house on Huntingdon Street. She was a poor fish, after all.

"I feel panicky at thought of a car," she confessed.

"That is why you should get into one as soon as possible," said Tony. "Hurry along. We are wasting golden moments."

But Prue could not hurry along in that filmy green thing. She felt she would die first. And Tony amusedly sensed her embarrassment. A flash of incredulity had swift birth and death in his eyes. Then he made her a comical salute that was rather awkward and boyish.

"I'll turn my back while the vision vanishes," he promised. "But as a reward—"

"I shan't keep you waiting if I can find a maid!" said Prue with unexpected sweetness, and fled to her room.

Though she was outwardly calm, Prue's hands trembled as the maid helped her into her own little gown, which had been cleaned and pressed and that night had somehow suddenly become a dangerous and rather unnecessarily lovely thing. Her eyes fled now and then to the wisp of chiffon she had just flung off, dripping its green froth over a gilded chair back. Tony had seen her in that! A mere nothing it was.

But Tony had been courteous and considerate, not at all like the Blair man and Worrow. Helen's terse statement that they were not all like Blair and Worrow did not recur to Prue nor did she once think of what she had heard about Lynn's "line" and his powerful attraction for women.

The roadster was waiting on the gleaming drive when Prue descended and Tony carefully assisted her into it. She did not speak as the car slipped through the spacious grounds and out of the tall iron gates which closed in that fairyland from the rest of the world and from such as Prudence Bristow.

The smell of early Summer was in the air and the breath of little leaves just beginning to live, of buds pushing through damp mossy green. That is an intoxicating smell, responsible for many things.

And as for the moon! There was no word for it upon that first night when Prue went motoring with Anthony Lynn. It was a thing of silver enchantment, radiant with white fire, playing havoc with the world.

"Nervous?" asked Tony after a time as he slowed down. "Am I hurt? I thought the air would do you good."

Just that. No parking in a dark spot, no attempt to "neck" her, no bottle like Adgie's brought from some mysterious hiding place. Not even a compliment. Yet Prue felt in every shivery nerve the danger of being where she was. Peril seemed to surround Lynn like an invisible mist. She could not have said why but she flushed with chagrin. Was she really such a fool?

"Are you leaving Nairne tomorrow?" asked Tony after another little silence.

"Yes, I must get back to work. My sister was very angry when I did not return with her today."

"I was going to suggest that you try for the leading part in the play the crowd is giving for its pet charity," said Tony carelessly. "We need a leading woman badly and you seem to be the type. She should have a voice and Nairne says you sing."

"I could never do anything like that!" said Prue with a breathless laugh. "I do sing a little, but only in the choir of our church and for our friends."

"Think it over," said Tony. "Every year we give a show for some charity home or other. The girls are interested in those things and I fancy they throw a sop to their consciences that way. You'd have a jolly time, for we work in a party now and then."

"Who is the leading man?" asked Prue, who knew quite well.

"I usually am," said Mr. Lynn disgustedly. "They say I am the right type, whatever that type is. The whole thing is a bore. But I should like immensely to have you join us. It really doesn't take any acting."

Prue was staring straight down the road. Shadows of trees lay across it like bars of velvet. In reality she was looking down another road, the one she would travel if she accepted this carelessly-given invitation, this chance to become one of her home town's gay crowd, the crowd into which she had been so strangely thrown. That it was sheer nerve-racking temptation she was well aware. A challenge from life which she had so often challenged. Opportunity smiling in her face. It would never come again. Would she seize it or sever the frail tie that bound her to this rich young set and go quietly on with her life as though these two hectic nights had never been? She must keep hold of the horrible memory of the night before in that other car. That went with it. It was not all motoring down a quiet road, hushed in the moonlight, with a courteous Anthony Lynn.

She stole a glance at him. A fine strong face, anyhow.

"I'm afraid," said Prue's small voice, "that I couldn't possibly consider that, thank you. I have a job, you see."

"Just wait until Nairne gets at you!" said Tony grimly. "She always gets what she wants. Do you go away in the Summer?"

"Away?" asked Prue blankly. "Of course not!"

"Then why not take the goods the gods provide and have a good time?" His dark eyes swept her face caressingly, leaving her with the tingling sensation of having been kissed. "Come and play around with us for a while."

Prue still stared ahead, big eyed. The thing that was suddenly scaring her to death was the realization that had it not been for Anthony Lynn she would have found no difficulty in walking out of the Manderson house the next day!

"Sing something for me," said Tony and sank lower in the cushioned seat. "I know you can sing like the devil, or an angel! Sing for one devil now—like an angel!"

Prue had to laugh at that. After a moment or two of hesitation she fixed her radiant eyes on the moon and opened her lips and sang, while Tony eased the car along, a languid hand on the wheel, the wind playing as daintily as a woman with his hair.

Prue could sing, though her voice was almost entirely untrained. Still, it was piercingly sweet, filled with tenderness. A crooning lovely voice that made Tony think vaguely of all sorts of things that he never thought of, dragged out from dusty corners of his memory quaint delightful romantic bits that he did not know lingered there. Balconies where roses twined, a southern town he had visited once when he was very young; the first time he had kissed a girl he thought he loved; the day he graduated from college; the high pulsing delight he had long ago experienced when he played his first big game of football; coming home for the Christmas holidays, all his family around the vast log fire in the old living room; all the delicious never-to-be-lived-over-again first things.

He came to himself with an actual jump. Prue was looking at him with a hurt expression in her eyes.

"Do forgive me," he said, feeling rather foolish, "and don't think I wasn't enjoying it. It was sheer pleasure that kept me dumb. I went back years. I was just working up to the moment when I flew my first plane when you stopped."

"You didn't hear me at all," said Prue. "You were dreaming of things a long way off. I loathe flattery like that."

"I was not flattering you!" said Tony indignantly. "I loved your voice. It isn't a big voice but it gets one. Miss Bristow, you must be our leading woman!"

"I couldn't be," said Prue simply. "I can't begin to go about with your friends. And I do not intend to make myself miserable."

"Miserable?"

"Ever since the accident I have been in the green and amethyst suite," said Prue viciously. "Perhaps you never saw it, but it looks like something Dubarry might have owned! Maybe she did. I am not sure it hasn't ruined me even this soon."

Tony chuckled then. And sobered instantly, for he suddenly remembered Nairne's wager. For some time he had forgotten it.

"Please take me back," said Prue. "It must be awfully late."

Tony glanced at his wrist watch. The hands pointed to a quarter of twelve. Heaven help the poor child if she thought that hour "awfully late."

But he obediently turned the car at the next lane and sped upon the homeward way.

For a moment, on the columned porch, Prue's cold hand

(Continued on Page 22)

Struthers Spoke, His Voice Edged With Steel. "She knows that friendship between you is not possible, Miss Manderson. You will be wise if you just forget Prue."

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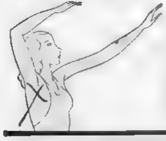

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• The keen modern woman who says—"YES I NEED AND USE MUM."

MODERN women long ago accepted the fact that the underarms must have special care—something more than soap and water—to keep them free from disagreeable perspiration odor.

Women don't make a difficult problem of it today. They do it in the quickest, easiest, simplest way. With Mum, a dainty, snowy deodorant cream. It takes only half a minute to use Mum. A quick fingertipful to each underarm, and you are protected for *all* day. It's as simple as that! No bother, no time wasted.

Mum is instantly effective. And the nice part of it is that you can use Mum *any* time—when you are dressing or afterwards. For Mum is perfectly harmless to your frocks and blouses.

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ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO—Mum is such a comfort to women in this way, too. Use it as a deodorant on sanitary napkins—and enjoy complete freedom from worry on this score.

In training for a permanent

SMART GIRL! She knows that a permanent wave is apt to make the hair dry and brittle, unless it is in the best of condition beforehand. So she goes in training.

Why not try it? It's a great idea—really. And so simple. For a month or two before you plan to have your hair permanently waved, give yourself a weekly treatment to cleanse and tone the scalp and improve the texture of the hair. First, apply "Vaseline" Hair Tonic to the scalp directly from the convenient shaker-top bottle. Next, massage the whole head gently but firmly with an upward, rotary movement, until it feels pleasantly tingling. And then shampoo as usual.

It sounds almost too easy to be valuable, doesn't it? But just wait until you see the new softness and lovely lustre of your hair after these treatments. And the permanent wave will look so natural and set so beautifully that you'll be telling all your friends to "go in training" too!

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Vaseline HAIR TONIC

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[illegible]

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The Callater Treasure

By Roy Vickers

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

THE vast financial structure which Henry Callater, the most amazing swindler of modern times, has built up finally topples [illegible]

[illegible]

At the End of the Working Day Aileen Had Almost Forgotten Malmesbury, but as She Stepped Into Cornhill at Five o'Clock He Was Again Waiting for Her.

CHAPTER X.

Malmesbury Explains.

WHEN the police had severally produced their pocket knives and cut the canvas bands, Malmesbury, his face looking almost pale above his pink pajamas, sat up and gravely saluted his rescuers.

"Thank you. Thank you. Thank you very much," he said to the sergeant and the two constables and then "I fail to see, my dear Channet, why my misfortune should strike you as being so exquisitely humorous."

"Sorry, Malmesbury," said Channet, more than a little ashamed of himself. "I fully expected to find your throat cut. The relief produced a sort of reaction, you know."

"My dear fellow, I accept your apology. Pray do not mention it again," said Malmesbury, beaming benevolently on the company. The butler was helping him into his dressing-gown. "A little water, Chambers. That cotton-wool." Part of it was still clinging to his face. Chambers, the butler, hastily mopped it off with a sponge.

"I shall want to take your statement, sir, when you feel well enough," said the sergeant.

"Thank you, sergeant. I am feeling almost myself again—almost myself. Ask me what you want to know about myself."

The sergeant contrived to look relieved at this intelligence. He motioned to Channet to leave the room.

"Don't go, my dear Channet," interposed Malmesbury. "I shall never forget that, but for you, I might have remained in this ah—humiliating position until morning. But there! I must admit the poor fellow did not hurt me. It was a cruel action to come here at all, but when one reminds oneself what his life must have been like these last ten months—"

"Who?" interrupted the sergeant.

"Why, Callater, of course!" answered Malmesbury. "I thought everyone had already taken that for granted. Poor, poor Callater! He was a friend of mine, sergeant, and I am not ashamed to say it. I cannot, alas, go to the extent of saying that he was more sinned against than sinning, but to know all is to forgive at least much. You agree with me I'm sure, Channet."

"Why did he truss you up, Malmesbury?"

"The poor fellow came in here and woke me up—how he got in I don't know. And you don't know, Chambers. One is driven to conclude that he effected a burglarous entry. He shook me by the shoulder and before I fully realized who it was, he told me that he had a great deal of work for me to do. You know his impulsive ways, Channet—he had positively launched upon the details before I was able to explain that I could do nothing for him whatever."

"What time was all this?" interrupted the sergeant.

"I regret I did not take note of the time," answered Malmesbury. "But if I may make a suggestion, sergeant, would it not be better to keep your questions until I have finished? No, you must not apologize. You were within your rights."

While the sergeant was struggling to locate himself in the conversation, Malmesbury continued.

"At first he was quite unable to understand my refusal. I pointed out that, by merely allowing him to remain in my room without summoning the police, I was guilty of harboring. He protested that [illegible] had already made an appointment to meet his daughter here with me. I gather Miss Callater is here with you, Channet?"

"Yes. Miss Callater got an anonymous note telling her to come here to meet her father."

"Then everything tallies—I am glad he did not deceive me in that," beamed Malmesbury and resumed his account. "At length I made him understand that, while I would do anything in my power to help him, I could not face professional ruin. I was then in the truly dreadful position of having to point out that the law would not even allow me to give him time in which to escape.

"'My poor old friend,' I said—those were my exact words, sergeant—'My poor old friend—painful though it is to me, I must telephone the police here and now.' Perhaps you would like to make a note of that, sergeant."

The sergeant fluttered his notebook but did not make a note.

"I will continue to give you the exact words. Callater said 'Gus' [illegible] of my first name [illegible] 'Oh yes?' He said [illegible] 'if you touch that telephone you won't feel any more pain.' Then he produced a revolver and leveled it [illegible] I will not tire you with the details of what followed, sergeant. In a word, I was compelled to bow to force [illegible] of a revolver. I had the [illegible] desperate [illegible] would have [illegible] had I attempted to resist him. He removed the bed clothing and bound me in the manner with which you are already familiar."

"Where did he get the canvas from?" asked the sergeant.

"From his [illegible] voluminous pockets," answered Malmesbury. "The cotton-wool—ironically enough—is my own. I invariably keep a supply in the drawer of the wash-stand—for my sciatica."

"How was he dressed?"

"Oh, as usual! Very much as usual. The same morning coat which he invariably wore in the evening. The same silk hat."

Channet edged towards the door, intending to slip out quickly. On a small table near the door was something that caught his attention. It was a writing-pad with the cover torn off.

There was nothing in a writing-pad as such—there were probably millions scattered about London. But it was a cheap affair—not the kind of thing the fastidious Malmesbury would normally use.

It was not difficult to slip the writing-pad under his coat and make his escape.

In the hall downstairs he tore a sheet from the pad and compared it with one of the cocked-hat missives supposed to have been written by Callater.

It was the same color, same shape, same texture, same watermark.

But of this he said nothing to Aileen as he took her home, giving her on the way, a highly colored account of Malmesbury's discomfiture.

CHAPTER XI.

The Ring Changes Hands.

BEFORE Aileen had finished breakfast—a meal which her elderly cousin took in bed—the first of the reporters came to see her.

In the week that followed she was to become adept in evading the reporters. But in this her first experience she revealed that she had called on Mr. Malmesbury as a result of an anonymous note saying that her father would meet her there. This, although she had fully determined to say nothing.

The reporter snatched greedily at this morsel and hurried away with it. The demand for news of Callater was insatiable. Already a crowd had gathered outside his old offices and another crowd outside the house that had been his in Cadogan Square, in the wholly absurd belief that he would appear at an upper window.

Through the length and breadth of the land, men and women were discussing Callater. Rumors and theories abounded. The knowing ones asserted that it was a put-up job between Callater and the Cabinet to the end that Callater might yield up his treasure, pay his creditors and be allowed to leave the country. There were people who knew people who had relatives in the Police Force and had been told in strictest confidence that if Callater should be seen he was not to be arrested. It was even pointed out that the description that was given out by the radio announcer was intentionally deceptive—not that any one needed a description of Callater, who, by this time, was one of the most photographed men on earth.

Aileen set out for the office half an hour earlier than usual, but as she stepped into Glenthorn Terrace a town car glided round the corner and stopped opposite her.

Out of the car stepped Malmesbury.

"Ah, my dear Miss Callater! How are you after your terrible night? It is a grief to me that I was not in a fit condition to receive you. Pray step in and let me drive you wherever you are going."

"Thanks, but I'm only going to the office—and I shall get there much too soon if—"

"Drive round the park twice and then to Miss Callater's office," Malmesbury ordered his chauffeur, and, to Aileen's surprise, gave the correct address of the office.

"A matter of grave importance has arisen," he added in an undertone, one of the huge, flabby hands enveloping hers as he urged her into the car. He said nothing until they were in the park, and then, looking gloomily out of the window: "Ah! The crocuses are over," he murmured sadly. The fact seemed to depress him. Aileen remained silent, struggling with the irritation which this man always evoked.

"I am assuming that you are aware of what passed in my house last night," he began. "I hope you will feel no embarrassment on that account. I am not one whit the worse for it—not one whit. And if you look at the matter—what else could the poor fellow have done? For the sake of our old friendship I was glad, more than glad, to offer no resistance, and, for the sake of that friendship, Miss Callater, I have, in a minor degree, compounded a felony."

He paused, but Aileen refused to ask the obvious question.

"I did not tell the police—and I do not intend to tell the police—everything that Callater said to me," he went on, the pause having failed of its purpose. "I am the bearer of a most tender message to yourself, my dear young lady. 'Tell my dear, dear daughter,' said Callater, 'that nothing — nothing whatever — shall prevent my seeking her at the very earliest moment, but I do not see how this can be attained for several days. Tell her on no account to worry.'"

It was not exactly her father's conversational style, thought Aileen, but she said: "Thank you, Mr. Malmesbury," in the hope that she could now make an excuse to leave the car.

"Then he went on to say: 'There's one thing you can do for me, Gus, without getting yourself into trouble. Now that I am more or less a free man again, I am lost without my signet ring. I want you to see my daughter, ask her to give it to you.' 'But, of course, my dear fellow,' I assured him, and then he gave me particulars as to where he wanted the ring taken so that he could recover it. In spite of everything, Miss Callater, it seems to me nothing short of a tragedy that a man of your father's calibre should be driven to this kind of subterfuge. It is trifles like this that make us realize. Don't you think?"

Aileen glanced at the outline of the ring dimly discernible through her glove. What a fuss there had been about it all! First, her father sentimentalizing over it on that dreadful afternoon just after his trial. Mr. Malmesbury's offer to claim it from the authorities for her—and then her skimpy letter of apology, saying that she had it all the time but in her agitation had forgotten about it.

"It's rather funny he should make a point of that," she said doubtfully. "I thought the whole point of the thing was that he should come himself and take it off my finger. I understood that the charm, or whatever it is, would be broken if it were just sent to him."

"The charm?" echoed Malmesbury. "Do you know that confirms a little pet theory of mind.

(Continued on Page 20)

ZIP IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT

Epilator Destroys Hair Permanently!

The only Epilator available for permanently destroying hair growths. Simple and quick, *ZIP* leaves no trace of hair above the skin; . . . no prickly stubble later on; . . . no dark shadow under the skin. Ideal for face, arms, legs and underarms. *ZIP* is pleasant to use and fragrant. It acts immediately and gives lasting results.

FOR A SHORT TIME ONLY

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ZIP—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT	$5.00
Crème-Massage-Cleansing-Tissue	.60
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ALL THREE FOR $1.00

Madame Berthé, N.Y. Specialist has also discovered a new, safe cream depilatory—**ZiP** Depilatory Cream. Just spread it on and rinse off. Immediately removes every trace of hair. If you have been using less improved methods, you will marvel at this white, fragrant cream, in a giant tube, twice the size at half the price. It relieves you of every fear of later stubble or stimulated hair growths.

GIANT TUBE 50¢

Ladies—you who insist on using the razor—don't shave "dry". First apply *ZIP-SHAVE* to protect the skin, and then shave. Speeds up the razor. Overcomes chap. Tube 50c

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FIRST WEEK'S WINNERS!

THESE 3 SMILES EACH WIN $260 AGFA ANSCO HOME MOVIE OUTFITS . . .

These 3 bright, flashing smiles were selected by a majority of the final judges (C. Tom Underwood, Russell Patterson and Howard Hughes) as the 3 best pictures submitted during the first week of the Iodent Agfa Smile Contest, which ended May 22nd . . . Their selections of the 20 second class winners who receive Agfa Ansco Memo Cameras—50 third class winners receiving $8 Folding Cameras—and 300 fourth class winners receiving Agfa Ansco Box Cameras will be announced by mail.

HOW YOU CAN DO THE SAME

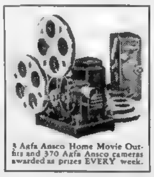
Don't you know of someone with a bright, flashing smile like those winners? Of course you do. Perhaps it's grandpa's—the baby's—your own. Anyone's smile is eligible. Capture that smile in your camera quick. Any size picture or snapshot will do. Size and photographic quality do not count. It's the smile that wins.

Write your name and your druggist's name and address on the back of the picture and send it in to the Iodent Company of Detroit *together with* an empty Iodent Tooth Paste carton No. 1 or No. 2, or a handmade reproduction of one. Don't forget the carton—it's important.

SMILE—AMERICA—SMILE

Get Entry Blanks From Your Druggist Today

Don't wait for the rush as these contests near their close. For remember, *there's a new complete contest every week for 12 weeks* with 373 Agfa Ansco Home Movie Outfits and Cameras as listed above awarded to the 373 winners for each week.



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The SUPER THERMOS Bottle, with its *amazingly durable* interior made of Stronglas. A Thermos Bottle as far superior to the Thermos Bottles of yesterday as those bottles were superior to all other vacuum bottles.

So advanced are the design and the manufacturing methods employed in making SUPER THERMOS Bottles that SUPER THERMOS is practically unbreakable in ordinary use.

This remarkable SUPER THERMOS is just as highly efficient as you have come to expect every Genuine Thermos Bottle to be. It is subjected to the same exacting tests in the Thermos testing laboratories, for heat-retention and cold-preservation, that *every* Thermos Bottle has had to meet.

But, by modern scientific magic and by a new principle of design (exclusive to Thermos) it is rendered durable 'way beyond your former expectation of durability in glass. And *only* with glass can an *efficient* vacuum bottle be made

The fact is that the SUPER THERMOS Bottle is NOT made of ordinary glass in the ordinary way.

. . . the new word for "Durability" in a Vacuum Bottle

The SUPER THERMOS Bottle is made with an interior of Thermos Stronglas. The Thermos method of making Super Thermos Stronglas Bottles is the result of scientific research over a period of more than four years. It is owned and controlled exclusively by Thermos

No other vacuum bottles can be made by the THERMOS Stronglas principle

This exclusive design and method of manufacture, for the first time makes a vacuum bottle in which the glass is thick and heavy at the weakest points of ordinary vacuum bottles

The result is the SUPER THERMOS Bottle . . . durable beyond any previous conception of durability in glass. Of course it *can* be broken if you set out to break it but not by the jolts and jars of ordinary use

Go to your dealer at once and get one of these sensational SUPER THERMOS Bottles. If his supply of them is sold out, be patient . . . ask him to reserve one for you out of his next shipment . . . or if he has not yet received a shipment of SUPER THERMOS Bottles, send us his name and we will see that you are supplied. The American Thermos Bottle Company, Norwich, Conn., Display Rooms, 366 Madison Avenue, New York City and 326 No. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

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There is only ONE SUPER THERMOS Bottle, made by the Thermos Stronglas principle. Unscrupulous dealers may endeavor to mislead you by offering a vacuum bottle with the word "SUPER" as a part of its name. Do not accept imitations. Look for the THERMOS trade mark on the Atherlite cup and stamped in the bottom of the case . . . and also for the words "SUPER THERMOS" on the side of the case

OBTAINABLE IN
HALF PINT, PINT
and QUART SIZES

REASONABLY PRICED

PINT SIZE,
$1.50

The Callater Treasure

By Roy Vickers

(Continued from Page 18)

I have always held that the truly romantic figures of today are our practical men of affairs. Still, I take it, my dear young lady, that you have not on that account any reluctance to comply with your dear father's wish?"

"He made me promise it should stay on my finger until he came to take it off," protested Aileen.

"And you have kept the promise?"

It was the tone rather than the words that drew her answer.

"I moved it from one finger to the other." Then, impatient with the whole conversation and the unctuous fatuity of the man beside her, she pulled off her glove and gave him the ring.

She held it out to him, but his attention seemed to be absorbed in a gang of builders at work on a terrace the car was passing.

"T-t-tut! Converting those delightful old houses into flats! I know I'm old fashioned, Miss Callater—I know it's convenient to live in flats but a flat will never seem to me to be a gentleman's residence. Ah! The ring. With pleasure, my dear young lady. You may rely upon your father receiving this at the very first opportunity that he himself can make. Not a word, I beg. I am delighted to do you this trifling service."

Incredibly she was thanking him. By this time they had nearly completed the circle of the park and she thought that another round would be too much for her. She told him that she had just remembered that she must go to a shop in the Tottenham Court Road and so got rid of him for the time being.

The office was a welcome refuge from her father's notoriety, which was threatening again to overwhelm her. True all the girls were talking about Callater's escape, but it had been taken for granted from the very first that Aileen had nothing to do with him. This was based on a widely held belief that Callater's daughter had changed her name.

At the end of the working day she had almost forgotten Malmesbury, but as she stepped into Cornhill at five o'clock, he was again waiting for her.

She tried to turn aside, but he had seen her. So she stood her ground, feeling that if he were to say again, "A matter of [illegible] importance has arisen," she would scream.

He said it and she did not scream. But it took all the resistance out of her. She again allowed herself to be bundled into the car.

"You are all impatience to hear my news," he said grinning fatuously. "Ah, what a thing it is to be young! At my time of life one learns to cultivate a philosophic calm."

She knew by instinct that it was impossible to hurry Malmesbury. The car began to thread its way eastward.

"Have you seen my father?" she asked.

"I [illegible] Malmesbury, and he had to wait [illegible] track [illegible] I [illegible] M [illegible]

[illegible]

"It was Mr. Winterbourne," [illegible]

"Mr. W[illegible]?"

[illegible] known art collector.

"Oh, yes! Of course!" said Malmesbury in the tone of one who pretends to know someone he has never heard of. "In his [illegible] I fear, little time to keep in touch with the [illegible]. The car [illegible] in the traffic. Malmesbury gazed out of the window. "Ah! We still have our mounted policemen, Miss Callater. Isn't tell me they would have the [illegible] effect if they took away [illegible] and gave [illegible] motorcycles."

"You will remember, meant you will remember!" Winterbourne croaked

"Anyhow, I think the whole business of the ring ridiculous and I'm not interested in it. Do you mind if I get out here?" she added as the car stopped in a block, conveniently near the pavement.

"It is, I suppose, a trifle," said Malmesbury. "But still one must humor Callater to a point—one is so anxious to do everything [illegible] you go, my dear Miss Callater—if you should happen to meet this Mr.—er—Winter—Winterbourne again [illegible] not to mention the [illegible]."

"[illegible] There is no mystery about [illegible]."

"[illegible]. But, taking the [illegible] of Callater's assertion, there would be a certain—well, almost an insinuation, if you follow me."

"I'll take care not to upset him. Good-by, Mr. Malmesbury."

Malmesbury, as a matter of fact, had overdone it with the last caution. The words lingered in the girl's brain as she walked along Holborn.

"He didn't really think he was called Winterbourne," she told herself. "And why be at pains to tell me not to mention it?"

All unconsciously, her aversion for Malmesbury was [illegible] her to run [illegible] Winterbourne, believing that she merely wanted to ask his help in the anomalous position in which her father's escape had [illegible] her.

She [illegible] up Bedford Row and [illegible] Road where the [illegible] caught her eye.

[illegible]

CHAPTER XII.

"Rursus"

[illegible]

CALLATER IN LONDON

[illegible] Not [illegible]!"

[illegible] "That was the [illegible] of removing [illegible]." He began to read the rest.

[illegible] Mr. Augustus Malmesbury [illegible] solicitor [illegible]

"Malmesbury!" croaked Winterbourne. [illegible] and dropped the [illegible]. Very [illegible] Callater's hiding place. But if he only thinks he knows as I thought I knew—"

The wrinkled mouth was contorted so that the beak-like nose [illegible] to grow longer, making him look more and more like a vulture.

The spasm of exasperation passed and he sighed.

"An elementary blunder! Absurd at my age to be haunted by tales of hidden treasure I read when I was a small boy!"

Marples had entered while Winterbourne was still talking aloud to himself. He continued as if the whole conversation had been conducted with Marples.

"I cannot remember with my conscious memory having read a rough romance about hidden treasure."

"No, sir," said Marples.

"Yet I must have [illegible] boy."

"[illegible]"

Marples handed him a foolscap envelope and left the room.

Inside the envelope were some thirty photographs—enlargements of photographs taken from an airplane. He glanced listlessly through them and was about to cast the pile aside when he turned back to one.

"Possibly—but improbably," he wheezed. He went to his desk and compared the photograph with another.

The second was a photograph made from the microscopic slide that had been contained in Callater's ring—the chart showing the position of Callater's hidden treasure. From the chart he tried to picture the appearance of the country and to compare the mental picture with the aerial photograph.

A wood, in the midst of open country, probably moorland. A stretch of some hundred yards of scrub. A tombstone standing by itself—then a wavy line that might indicate a wall or fence or some building—and inside the wavy line the word "Rursus."

In the last ten months he had made sure that nowhere in the British Isles was there a landed estate called Rursus—that no house, no village, no section of country—in short, nothing had ever been registered as Rursus.

[illegible] carefully concealing his motive, he had commissioned an aviator to photograph all likely stretches of country.

He looked again at the aerial photograph and then with a strange [illegible] the hopelessness of it [illegible] and put the chart back in his desk.

[illegible] treasure hunting stories of boyhood when you found the chart you found the treasure and the treasure was never buried in England. It was always on a remote island which of course was extremely easy to trace. The approximate situation in the ocean had to be roughly indicated. But if you have buried your treasure a couple of miles outside an English village there [illegible] no need to record the name or position of the village as you would have no difficulty in finding it again.

Callater's chart, in short, had been made for Callater's use. The whole chart probably only covered an area of a few acres. Where those few acres were situated possibly Callater alone knew.

Callater—and perhaps Malmesbury, the man who had taken the enormous risk of pretending that Callater was alive and in touch with him? He must find the answer to that question.

No small part of his strange success in art and crime was due to the fact that he was possessed of a high degree of intuition, like a sensitive woman. More than once his intuition had led him to destroy in a second a plan elaborated in months of mental toil.

"I have a presentiment that I shall know—in a few moments."

He realized afterwards that he had received the impression from an intuitive knowledge that Aileen Callater was in his house—knew it a minute or more before Marples announced her.

While he was waiting for her he turned again to the newspaper, caught sight of her name and learnt of her visit to Malmesbury's maisonette.

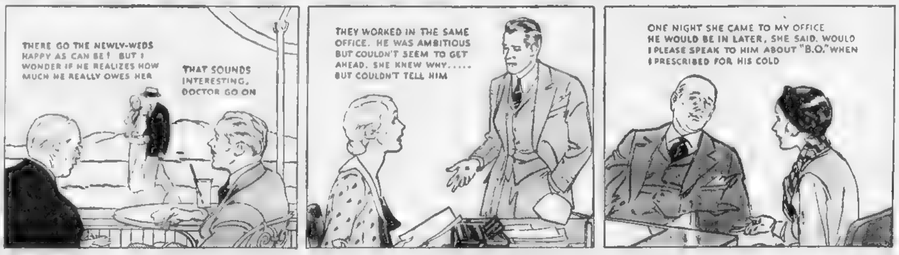
"I'm not going to apologize for taking up your time," she be-

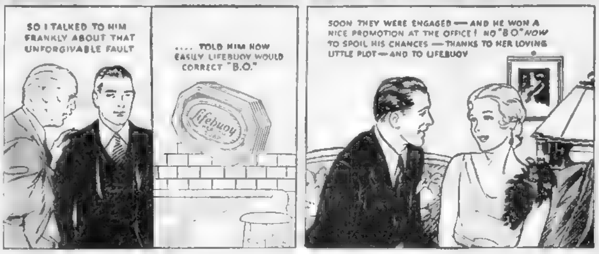
(Continued on Page 22)

If you want to keep your car bright and beautiful for years just Simoniz it. Simoniz protects the finish in all weather. Makes it last longer and keeps colors from fading. If your car is dulled and discolored, first use the wonderful Simoniz Kleener to remove all grime and stains. It quickly and easily restores the lustre. Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener for your car and it will always look new!

MOTORISTS WISE • SIMONIZ

WHAT THE DOCTOR TOLD... by Timmins


THERE GO THE NEWLY-WEDS HAPPY AS CAN BE! BUT I WONDER IF HE REALIZES HOW MUCH HE REALLY OWES HER
THAT SOUNDS INTERESTING, DOCTOR GO ON
THEY WORKED IN THE SAME OFFICE. HE WAS AMBITIOUS BUT COULDN'T SEEM TO GET AHEAD. SHE KNEW WHY..... BUT COULDN'T TELL HIM
ONE NIGHT SHE CAME TO MY OFFICE HE WOULD BE IN LATER, SHE SAID. WOULD I PLEASE SPEAK TO HIM ABOUT "B.O." WHEN I PRESCRIBED FOR HIS COLD


SO I TALKED TO HIM FRANKLY ABOUT THAT UNFORGIVABLE FAULT
.... TOLD HIM HOW EASILY LIFEBUOY WOULD CORRECT "B.O."
Lifebuoy
SOON THEY WERE ENGAGED — AND HE WON A NICE PROMOTION AT THE OFFICE! NO "B.O." NOW TO SPOIL HIS CHANCES — THANKS TO HER LOVING LITTLE PLOT — AND TO LIFEBUOY

Don't wait to be WARNED about "B. O." (body odor)

IT'S a delicate subject. People hesitate to tell us *in words* when we're guilty of "B.O." (*body odor*). But the offender pays for his carelessness — always! Don't take chances. Warmer weather is here. We're perspiring more freely. Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant lather *purifies* pores—frees them of all odor. Helps protect health by removing germs from hands. Its pleasant, hygienic scent vanishes as you rinse.

Great for complexion

Money can't buy a finer complexion soap than Lifebuoy. Its pure, bland lather freshens the skin—makes it glow with health. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO

SHE WANTED SNOWY WASHES —— by C.A.Voight

SEE YOUR NEW WASHER HAS COME
YES I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO TRY IT
WELL SYLVIA HOW DOES YOUR WASHER WORK?
IT WORKS ALL RIGHT, PHIL—BUT MY WASH ISN'T NEARLY AS WHITE AS I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE. I'M DISAPPOINTED
DID YOU USE THAT SOAP THE SALESMAN TOLD YOU ABOUT?
RINSO, YOU MEAN? NO, I USED SOME SOAP I HAD IN THE HOUSE BUT I'LL TRY RINSO NEXT TIME

NEXT WASHDAY
WHAT THICK SOAPY SUDS! I DIDN'T USE MUCH RINSO EITHER
NEXT MORNING
I SEE YOU HAD BETTER LUCK WITH YOUR WASHER THIS WEEK, SYLVIA. THIS OLD SHIRT LOOKS LIKE NEW
IT'S THE SUDS THAT MAKE THE DIFFERENCE. RINSO WASHES CLOTHES THE WHITEST I'VE EVER SEEN!

"Surprising what one box does!" says Mrs. G. W. Mulliken of Burlington, Vt.

"MY NEIGHBOR always remarks about the snowy look of my wash out on the lines. I tell her Rinso is the secret. No hard work at all. I simply soak the clothes in lukewarm Rinso suds and rinse. It's surprising how much a large box of Rinso will do. With one box I washed:

2 bed spreads
3 bureau scarfs
2 doilies
6 face cloths
10 pillow cases
7 napkins
6 sheets
3 table-cloths
13 towels
7 dish towels
24 handkerchiefs
2 nightshirts
3 shirts
7 aprons
5 nightgowns
4 pairs socks
7 dresses

"I washed the floor 4 times, tubs and sinks 5 times, and did the dishes 7 times—all with the same box."

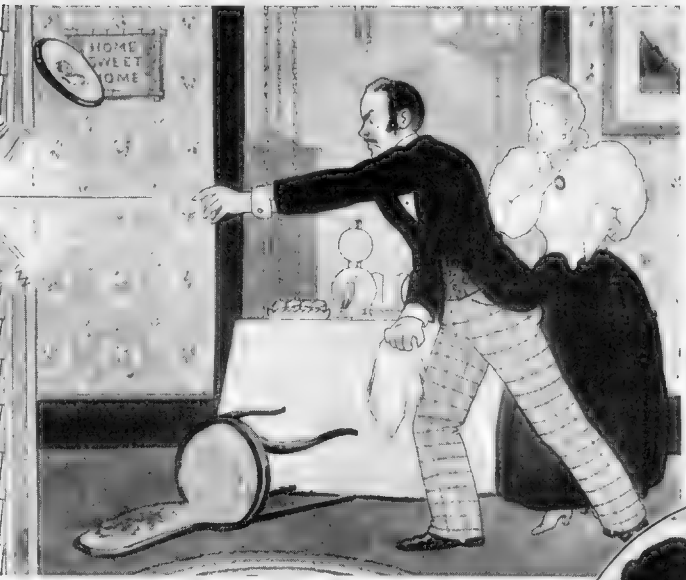
Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps. Great in washers. Try Rinso. See how much work one BIG box will do for you.

Rinso

Millions use Rinso in tub, washer and dishpan

Why We Can No Longer Laugh at "Brides' Biscuits"

A New and Unique Milling Discovery Takes the Point Out of a 100-Year-Old Joke By Now Making It Easily Possible For Even The Most Inexperienced Bride to Not Only Make *Absolutely Perfect* Biscuits the Very *First Time,* But—Prepare Them in the Incredibly Short Time of 90 Seconds!



ABOVE, Mr. David Lockwood, the Distinguished Chicago Artist, has portrayed the violent outbursts which, according to popular belief, were often provoked by the biscuits of the young bride of the Gay Nineties. RIGHT—while today's bride, thanks to science, wins praise for her first batch of Bisquicks.

The Betty Crocker Staff of Domestic Science Experts perfected the recipe for Bisquick from an historic old Southern recipe.

(*Photo at Left*) Shows General Mills Research Laboratory scene, where science's latest, most thrilling food invention was perfected.

BY BETTY CROCKER

The Distinguished Cooking Authority and Famed Conductress of the World's Greatest Radio Cooking School

THAT science, when it robs us of our best jokes, is going a bit too far, many of us will agree. But, in this one instance, every bride at least will have good reason to applaud the inquisitive nature of laboratory research.

For now, at last, science has, in its latest and most thrilling food invention, found the way to take the point out of the 100-year-old "brides' biscuits" joke. Simply by making it possible for even the most inexperienced bride to make absolutely perfect biscuits the very first time.

Biscuits so light, so flaky and so marvelously delicious that today's bride may well expect to hear her praises ringing throughout her home. Rather than to shrink in fear as her mother may have done (if we can believe there was a grain of truth in the old jokes) from the honest wrath of a husband who had just broken off a good front tooth in a perfectly intentioned but imperfectly executed biscuit.

The invention itself is, when explained, simple enough. Yet, it required several years on the part of the research organization of the world's largest flour millers, the makers of Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour, to perfect it.

Hundreds of separate experiments were made before the way was revealed. And then, quite by accident, it was found that by using an entirely new-type shortening, until then a laboratory curiosity, a product could be made which banished utterly all chance of failure in biscuit making. Which required the addition of only milk or water to make. And which anyone could use to have perfect biscuits ready for the oven in the unbelievably short time of one and one-half minutes.

From this characteristic came the name given to science's discovery—BISQUICK.

What It Is

Bisquick is utterly different from the ready prepared products with which every woman is familiar in that it not only saves time and trouble but actually makes a better product than could ever be made by the housewife herself. The reason for this is that Bisquick is not only scientifically formulated, thus securing the correct proportion of ingredients, but it contains an amazing new-type of shortening which won't turn rancid even when the package is left open for a considerable length of time.

In addition, this shortening is mixed with the dry ingredients (the secret of flaky biscuits) by a new and remarkable process which blends it in about 10 times more perfectly than is possible by human hands.

Bisquick is a unique scientific creation. The special shortening is manufactured exclusively for use in Bisquick. There is nothing else like Bisquick. There is nothing else that acts like Bisquick. Nothing that gives Bisquick results. Bisquick is an entirely new method of making biscuits.

"Norah, what do you mean by serving Plaster of Paris Biscuits!" reads the cutline of this amusing photo, dated 1894.

How It Acts

Simply add water or milk to Bisquick . . . stir . . . cut out . . . and put in oven. All of which takes less time than to make a cup of coffee . . . 90 seconds or less! There's no messing! No trouble! No failures from this amazing product.

Then too, it is based on an historic old Southern recipe. And makes biscuits so light, so flaky, white, so beautifully browned and so delicious one can't help but say they were made in fairyland.

Bisquick is "Kitchen-tested" for uniformity of results in the Gold Medal Testing Kitchens, under the personal direction of this writer. Thus, chance of failure is entirely eliminated.

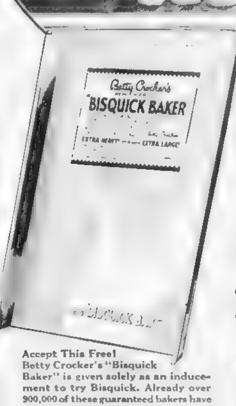
Every woman, certainly, should try Bisquicks (the new name for biscuits) on her husband. That will prove a most thrilling experience. He'll say Bisquicks are better than the biscuits his mother used to make. Indeed, no man can resist delicate, slightly moist hot biscuits such as these. Especially when served with marmalade, honey or jam. They really are delicious.

A Special Introductory Offer

To induce women to more quickly try this sensational new food discovery, the makers of Bisquick are offering, for a limited time only, a new and improved biscuit sheet *Free* with the purchase of one package of Bisquick. This biscuit sheet is designed to carry the heat evenly through the metal so that *all* the biscuits receive the same amount. Thus, each biscuit, like its neighbor, turns out perfectly.

After some experimentation in the Gold Medal Home Service Kitchen, it was found that a certain extra heavy weight metal would give the desired results. Then, by incorporating a few features such as steel wire reinforced rolled edges and a turned under front edge, it became possible to produce a really new and improved biscuit sheet. Too, it was made big enough to bake 15 man-sized Bisquicks—yet small enough for kitchenette ovens. It is called, through courtesy, Betty Crocker's New, Improved "Bisquick Baker." And, is given free to women simply as an inducement to more quickly try Bisquick.

Weber and Fields, the famous comedians, are remembered by millions for their belly-laugh biscuit jokes.



Accept This Free!
Betty Crocker's "Bisquick Baker" is given solely as an inducement to try Bisquick. Already over 900,000 of these guaranteed bakers have been given to the women of America.

Containing enough to make 80 Man-Sized Biscuits, or 125 dainty Tea Biscuits, Bisquick is an extremely economical product.

A PURE FOOD,
HONESTLY ADVERTISED

[illegible]

How To Obtain "Bisquick Baker" Free

To obtain the new, improved "Bisquick Baker" absolutely free—simply go to your grocer's and buy one package of Bisquick. Then tear off the top of the package, write "Bisquick Baker" on the back (Bisquick won't spoil—simply cover package with paper to keep out dust) and send it to Gold Medal Foods, Incorporated, Minneapolis, Minn. You will receive the Bisquick Baker by return mail [illegible] worth the price [illegible] biscuits. So that makes the cost of the first package you buy—*practically nothing!*

[illegible]

OFFER LIMITED—SEND TODAY

[illegible]

Name

City ______ State ______

DESIRE

By Madeleine Sharps Buchanan

(Continued from Page 8)

[illegible] Anthony Lynn's strong [illegible] clasp. He was looking at [illegible] with that smile that he gave [illegible] woman so seldom.

"[illegible] over the charity show," he [illegible]. "Come and have a good [illegible] with us. Blair and Worrow [illegible] harmless enough when you know them."

"Yes, perhaps," thought Prue as she climbed the wide stairs to her luxurious suite, "but you are not."

At one o'clock Tony entered the ballroom of the country house where Nairne and her guests were dancing. He cut in on Nairne as she floated about in the arms of a slightly unsteady Blair.

She looked up at him with the sweet parted lips of a child as their steps fell into perfect time.

"Did you do it?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"She sings, I can't tell you how she sings," said Lynn thoughtfully, frowning. "But it's great. I want her for my leading woman, regardless of this asinine wager of yours. She refused me flat tonight and she meant it."

"Did she really go out with you?" asked Nairne in awe. "No one but you could have managed that, after last night's spill."

"She came down to look at the garden," said Tony rather shortly. "But she is leaving you tomorrow and you take my word for it she'll go."

"But why—?"

"Your amethyst and green suite has scared her stiff," said Tony. "And she has plenty of common sense. You can't lasso Prue. And if you have any decency at all, you'll give up this rotten bet."

"I can wear down her resistance," said Nairne. "And you've got to help me. Else you won't get your leading woman."

"I dare say I could survive that," said Tony.

"You're not normal," sighed Nairne. "If you were you'd have asked me to marry you long ago. But you'll help, won't you, beloved?"

"Help how?"

"By winning her over for us and bringing her to my home," said Nairne. "How else am I going to get that wager? I've only two months to do it in, cherub."

"I'll try to get her into the play because I desire to have her for my lead," said Lynn coldly. "But anything else connected with your dirty work—"

"That will be enough," said Nairne happily. "You forget how you have to kiss the leading woman."

"I'll kiss her when the time comes," said Tony grimly. "But I shall detest going through the rest of the show with a black eye."

CHAPTER VIII.

Prue Flees.

PRUE woke with a bar of sunshine across her eyes. Her arm and thought of Anthony Lynn and the charity play had kept her awake late and she had overslept as a result. Her idea of sneaking away before the guests arose and leaving a note for Nairne began to vanish.

Surely after ten o'clock she would encounter somebody! Her nerves throbbed at the thought of it, and if that vague "somebody" took the form of Lynn, she would not admit it.

The Manderson crowd she meant that day to put definitely from her life. The sooner the better. Helen was right. Tragedy lay in accepting the invitation of leading woman in this charity play.

With firm lips and frowning brows Prue managed to get into her clothes, fastening things awkwardly, suffering twinges of pain, but her resolve unshaken.

There was the green wisp of a thing she had worn when Tony discovered her in the couch swing. There were the flowers Nairne had sent her the day before, and a contrite bunch from Rube Worrow, another from Duke King, lovely forced buds, as unnatural as everything else about these young people. There was the night dress that Helen called a cobweb tossed across the luxury of the bed. Let her look upon it all carefully, lingeringly, for she was leaving it forever, and during some rose-hued hours it had been hers! Never again would Prue Brislow stand in such a room.

She closed the door upon it softly, reverently, as though some beloved dead lay within. And perhaps, to Prue, there was inside there, forever hushed, the girl she might have been!

There was no one about, no one in the vast library where she wrote her little note to Nairne, bending over a jade outfitted desk, listening nervously for footsteps.

"Dear Miss Manderson: I thank you for your kind hospitality, but I must be getting back to my work. Do not think me ungrateful.

"Yours sincerely, Prudence Brislow."

Propped against a grinning jade idol, this note seemed to Prue, as she backed away from it, like the door of Paradise slamming shut in her face.

There were servants moving somewhere about. Prue stole softly out to the porch. In the dewy gardens two men were working. Oh, that she might slip away unnoticed! Heaven grant her that!

Heaven was kind. As soon as her hurrying steps could get her there she was outside the iron gates, outside on an ordinary pavement, automobiles, people, wagons, buses passing her. Life going on as usual, uncaring that one very foolish girl had made a decision that was to influence all her future life!

Prue got eventually upon a bus and sat in the front seat on top of it, letting the cool, fresh air brush her hot face, trying to remember her blessings, her youth, her beauty, her ability to make her own way in the world, even if it was such a poor, inadequate little way!

For the moment, however, what she had put from her life was of so much value, was so much more priceless than the things she was going back to, borne gayly on top of that hurrying bus!

Prue tried to enter Mawliss' studio as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened.

"Hullo!" Mawliss looked up from the typewriter he had been trying to manage with two fingers. "What are you doing here? I was just going out to send you a dozen orchids!"

Prue laughed shakily. She did not care to hear about orchids.

"I am glad I saved you the money," she said.

Stephen Struthers came from behind his easel to look at her.

"Very foolish to come here today in this heat," he frowned. "And—cut out the Parks female after this."

"She must not work," said Mawliss, fussily, pushing Prue into a battered chair. "I'll get a cab and take her right home. What was your mother thinking of to allow——"

"She had nothing to do with it," said Prue. "I came here from Nairne Manderson's and, of course, I am going to work. I don't want any breakfast, thanks. I had a tray early at the Manderson house. I can type beautifully with one hand. Please give me something to do."

There was desperate appeal in Prue's voice. She could not bear the idea of going home that day and being idle. Of being third degreed by her mother, who would follow her about and lean in doorways wearing a familiar gingham apron, faintly odorous of soup. Anything was better than that.

Struthers, watching her, saw something of this and his jaw tightened.

"Yes, give her something to do, John," he advised. "She'll be happier. Her nerves are shot. I wish to high heaven, Prue, you would pose for my picture, 'Spring'. Girl on an apple blossom bough. Perfect, exquisite girl. A wisp of chiffon across her. I'm about through hoping to find a model. This picture will make me if I can swing it."

"Why, I could never pose like that!" said Prue, hot color flooding her face.

"Well," mocked Struthers, "any of your new friends could do it! If there was a new kick in it none of that Manderson bunch would hesitate."

Prue crossed the studio and stood before the easel where the vague fanciful form of a girl was outlined.

"Needn't look so embarrassed," grinned Struthers. "You're not posing, you know."

But Prue had been thinking of herself as Lynn had discovered her the night before.

The morning dragged into hot noon. Prue's arm ached and Mawliss gave her too little to do. Behind the old screen Struthers tried out several models, only to dismiss them all and come grumbling with a sullen frown on his handsome face to share the light lunch Mawliss had sent in.

During the sultry hours after the little meal Prue thought several times that she would scream. As Struthers had said, she had had a bad shock. She was not herself. The familiar room seemed to press in upon her and there was little air.

At three-thirty the dingy door of the studio opened softly and Nairne Manderson stood framed within it, in a becoming suit, a chic little blue felt hat pulled down over her bewildering curls.

To Prue, who stared at her with dismayed eyes, it could not be known that Art Pipping and a tart reminder of the cash at stake were responsible for Miss Manderson's call.

"Prue," said the silken voice, "I've come to scold you. How dared you desert me when you were not able to walk? I think Mr. Mawliss has a great deal to answer for."

John Mawliss, with the soul of a poet, a glutton for beauty, succumbed instantly to Nairne. His round eyes fed upon her.

"I did not send for Prue," he hastened to say. "I scolded her for coming. I thing it was idiotic."

Stephen Struthers came from behind the screen smoking his awful pipe and studying the exquisite caller with narrowed eyes.

Prue hastened to introduce them a bit nervously. "Miss Manderson—Mr Struthers." Only to judge by the keen way in which Stephen was appraising the girl and the audacious fashion in which Nairne was meeting his daring gaze, she felt that she should have said, "Miss Manderson, the beauty—Mr. Struthers, the artist!"

Prue felt like blushing, for Struthers' cold eyes seemed to be stripping the expensive clothes from Nairne's slender body. Perhaps in the society girl he had found his long sought model for "Spring!"

Nairne advanced, glancing over the walls of Struthers' studio. Her gaze was amused, depreciating, insolent.

"Oh, I see! You do this sort of thing, Mr. Struthers?"

"Yes."

He did not move to show her any of his clever drawings. Prue was conscious of a tension in the atmosphere.

But Nairne spent no time on sketches. She turned with a wide dazzling smile to Mawliss.

"She is coming with me, this Prue," she nodded. "I have the car and a drive will do her good. I wish to talk with you, Prue."

"No," said Prue. "I cannot."

For an instant Nairne's eyes fled to Struthers and their gaze locked with a clash one could almost have heard. The pulse began to beat in the smooth white column of Nairne's throat. Then with a swift gesture that was the very soul of contempt, she turned her back upon Struthers, whom she knew she could never sway, and leveled the battery of her loveliness upon Mawliss, whom she felt sure she could

"You talk to her," she besought him with pretty pleading. "I want to be friends. I am not going to kill her. I feel so responsible. I don't know why she won't have anything to do with me."

Struthers spoke then, his voice edged with steel, his pipe in one corner of his handsome mouth.

"She knows that friendship between you is not possible, Miss Manderson. You will be wise if you just forget Prue."

The words were pelted at Nairne like small stones, though he did not lift his voice.

"May I ask what affair this is of yours?" Nairne looked at him smilingly through the smoky cloud of her lashes.

"Oh, I am only Prue's friend," said Struthers indifferently. "And one with common sense. We sort of look after her down here, Mawliss and myself. There could be no happiness for her in the set you travel with."

"You are rather—insulting, I think," said Nairne slowly.

"Oh, please!" interposed Prue. "Do go, Miss Manderson. You are kind but you must not think of me or what has happened. Our paths only crossed for a moment and you have done your best to make up for that accident. And it was an accident, you know."

But Nairne was thinking of the wager. Her chin took a stubborn tilt.

(Continued on Page 23)

The Callater Treasure

By Roy Vickers

(Continued from Page 20)

gan. "You said I could come to you whenever I was in trouble. I am taking you at your word."

"That, my dear, is the very essence of flattery. Sit here where the light is softer. You don't quite know what to make of Malmesbury, eh?"

She nodded. Somehow it seemed quite natural that he should more or less read her thoughts.

"But you don't know Mr. Malmesbury, do you? He said he didn't know you. He even mispronounced your name—it was so unfamiliar to him."

Winterbourne smiled and said nothing, thereby fanning her suspicions of Malmesbury so that she told him without reserve everything that happened during the day and the previous night.

"He was waiting for me when I left the office just now. He said that my father had received the ring and had told him on the telephone that it was not the same one. Mr. Malmesbury asked me if I had ever had it off my finger—that's how your name came into the conversation."

For the moment Winterbourne was too gratified to make any comment. He knew now that Malmesbury did not know where the treasure was hidden.

"The [illegible] for you, my dear, is to take Malmesbury entirely at his face value. Believe, or appear to believe, everything that he tells you."

"Do you think he is really in touch with my father? Do you think my father really went to his house last night?"

"Take Malmesbury at his face value," repeated Winterbourne, "and we shall very soon know. On our present information it is quite impossible to form a conclusion. That, I fear, is neither helpful nor comforting to you. But you would not have me soothe you and flatter you."

He paused—then spoke with sudden eagerness. It was as if he had suddenly seen his line.

"It is not my custom to turn away with so little those who do me the honor of asking my advice. You have said enough for me to realize that you have at least a certain mistrust of Malmesbury. I will make it my business to find out whether that mistrust is justified. I will have him watched by private agents of my own. I will approach him in various ways. In the meantime, let him see you as often as he wishes and tell me what passes."

"But why should you take all this trouble for me?" she asked.

"Ah, my dear! You think our acquaintance began when I rang you up some little time ago—knowing that you would shortly be in trouble—and inviting you to come and see me when you should feel inclined. We met a long time before that."

She looked at him wonderingly and he went on: "Have you forgotten—Rursus?"

"Rursus!...Rursus, did you say, Mr. Winterbourne?...I'm awfully sorry but I'm afraid the word means nothing to me."

Winterbourne sighed.

"To me it seems but yesterday—hardly longer ago than when you came here some few months back on the day of your father's trial—and conviction. Of course, I must remind myself that you were a very little thing then. You used to play with my watch...Rursus! And you've forgotten the word, too. And the—undulating downland. And then that curious tombstone standing by itself."

"Wait!" she quickened. "A tombstone standing by itself!"

He covered his eyes with one hand lest his gaze should break her thoughts.

"Yes," he said in a hoarse whisper. "You will remember now?"

There was a short silence and then: "No. I can't remember at all, really. It was just your saying—'a tombstone by itself.' Somewhere I've seen that, at some time in my life—probably when I was a baby. I can sort of remember remembering it... I'm afraid it's very uncomplimentary, Mr. Winterbourne, but I must have been quite a baby I've absolutely forgotten. Where was Rursus?"

Winterbourne chuckled and shook his head.

"Forgive an old man's fancy! To tell you would be the very soul of banality. It has no significance save as a little oasis of the past on which I frequently look back. Perhaps one day you will remember. And then you will come and tell me that I have been sentimentalizing—and that where Rursus stood is now a bustling town."

Aileen's curiosity had been piqued. There are few things more irritating than a half-memory. Somewhere, at some time in her childhood she had been puzzled by a tombstone standing by itself. Near a wood.

For a minute or more she was so concentrated in the effort to remember that she forgot Winterbourne who was sitting silent, immobile as a corpse.

"I wish you would tell me, Mr. Winterbourne."

"You will remember, my dear; you will remember!" he croaked and then seemed to become unconscious of her presence.

She had left the room and was actually out of the house when he added, as if she were still listening:

"And if you do not remember I will help you. My scientific friends have one or two little devices—chemical devices—for reviving a sluggish memory. The Indians, I am told, can awaken memory to within a few weeks of birth."

The blue veins seemed to come to separate life in the white hands as his thoughts whirled round the idea that Callater's daughter was to be the means of leading him to Callater's treasure.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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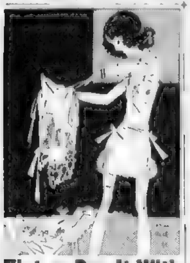

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Tintex Color Remover—Removes old dark color from any material so it can be dyed a new light color.

Whitex—A bluing for restoring whiteness to all yellowed white materials.

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DESIRE

By Madeleine Sharps Buchanan

(Continued from Page 22)

"Won't you let me drop you at home this sweltering day?" she begged wistfully.

"I have work to do, thank you," Prue shook her head. "I do appreciate your kindness."

Nairne saw that for the moment she must retire. The tanned blond giant in the dirty smock had temporarily bested her. But only temporarily. She touched Prue's arm fleetingly.

"At any rate, don't forget us," she still smiled. "Tony said he spoke to you about our play. Please think of what he told you. We do have such good times! Why refuse all the nice things when they come along?"

She was gone, then, with an airy nod to both men, a mere acknowledgement of their existence. It seemed to Prue as though someone had whisked a bunch of flowers from the hot close room.

"Prue, you let that girl alone!" burst forth Struthers, then vehemently: "And the high-powered bunch she runs with. Nothing but misery there for you, kid."

"Oh, my Heavens!" flared Prue as she sat down to her typing. "I shall never see her again. She was in the car that smashed into me and she feels responsible."

"That's a good one!" laughed Struthers. "That girl feel responsible for anything! Never in a blue moon. There is more to it than that."

"You were very rude to her," said Prue shortly. "And you're not my aunt or my chaperone or my keeper."

"In a way we both are, aren't we, John?" grinned Struthers.

Then he walked about in a mincing fashion and glanced with lifted chin at his own very excellent drawings on the walls.

"You do this sort of thing, Mr. Struthers?" he asked in such a flagrant imitation of Nairne, that, wretched as she felt, Prue had to laugh.

CHAPTER IX.

A Disconcerting Find.

EARLY that evening Prudence Brislow sat in her little room and looked at herself in the glass.

There was no use denying it. She always strove to be frank with herself. Those last words of Nairne's had taken tormenting root, as Nairne had meant they should. "Tony spoke to you about our play—please think of what he said—"

She would always think. Nothing connected with him from the moment when he looked down at her in the couch swing would she ever forget. It was not love so soon. Prue was too strong, too hard to win, of too fighting a spirit, for that. No sudden infatuation would ever catch her in its spell. No. It was just that she had never met anyone like Anthony Lynn. Never would again. He signified desire. Desire for things she could never possess, a life she could never live.

But why should Nairne's crowd want her in their play? Why were they determined to have her, a girl entirely out of their class?

Could Prue have known why, the struggle would have ended then and there, burned out in her white hot anger. But she did not know and she sat on, in the June dusk, looking at her white face in the mirror.

Memory had its will of her. It brought her alternate glimpses of the Manderson mansion and her own home, like a thin brown shaft forever reaching for stars it would never touch; of the moonlit loveliness of the Manderson gardens and the electric lighted hideousness of the I X L Garage next door.

Somewhere across the street a radio was playing. A tune which suddenly took on a personal note.

"One kiss—one man to save
it for—
One love for him alone!
One magic night within his
arms——"

She might have a Summer of days and nights at that Manderson place and others like it. Such a Summer as came to few girls, to none like her. But after it—what? Autumn! And here she was now with a clean past, an uneventful present, a drab future.

If Nairne would let her alone.

Then again the revolt. She could take care of herself no matter what she did! Why—?

And once more the radio:

"But I will try to love only
one man,
And no other man in the
world!"

Thank Heavens she did not feel like that. Not yet. But if she accepted this opportunity——

"Prue!" her mother's voice shrilled up the narrow stair. "Jim Parks is here to see you."

Prue got to her feet, rudely shaken from her self-communing. Jim was there to ask her about that night at the bungalow. She must protect Nancy as well as she could. Jim Parks had a dreadful temper.

He was pacing about the small living room when Prue descended and through the sagging screen door she glimpsed her father in his shirt sleeves, on the porch, feet on the rail. Now and then he called loudly to a passing neighbor. At the garage next door someone was racing a motor.

"Hello, Jim!" said Prue with a pale smile.

But Jim Parks did not smile. He fastened upon Prue burning angry eyes.

"I've come to tell you something you ought to hear," he began in a low, throaty voice, "and to get your version of what happened in my place the other night. Go on and tell it. I'll wait."

Prue's color returned with a rush and her head went up.

"I have nothing to explain to you, Jim Parks," she said, icily, her eyes traveling over his short, stocky figure, the figure of a prizefighter, his reddish hair, his narrow eyes and outthrust jaw. Why had she never before seen how horribly ordinary Jim Parks was! "If you cultivate such men as Worrow and Blair you should not be surprised of they go to your home in your absence."

"If I cultivate them!" roared Parks. "Where do you think I get a chance to run with men like them? I only know 'em when I pass 'em on the street. Now, you listen to me. For your own good, you cut out running with those fellows. They are pretty swift and they're both married. Quit bringing them to my house. See?"

Prue stared at Parks in amazement. He did not know these men! Nancy had lied to her. Nancy had been in the habit of receiving them in her husband's absence and she had put the blame on Prue!

"Did Nancy tell you I brought those men to your house?" asked Prue, quietly.

"She did, but not until I tormented it out of her," said Parks. "You have a good friend in Nancy. She didn't want to tell me and then she carried on high because I said I was coming to you."

Prue's rage broke then in choked bits of laughter, furious laughter, against her lips. And she had come down to see Parks to protect Nancy!

"Nancy lied to you," she said evenly. "I went out to your bungalow believing she was alone, and these men came almost at once. Nancy said you knew them well and that they came when you were home. I was on the point of leaving her several times but she begged me to stay. I went out in the car with them because Nancy was taking too much drink and I hoped the air would bring her to her senses. If she said I brought these men to your home she said it to protect herself. You had better interview Worrow and Blair before you say any more to me."

Jim Parks was purple with anger. He clenched his fists as he looked at Prue and Prue looked back at him with level defiance.

"I don't believe you," he grated. "And I have nothing to say to you save to repeat that you better drop that crowd and that I don't want these men to go to my house again, when I'm on a trip. You and Nancy better let each other alone if this sort of thing is going to happen."

"You are a fool, Jim Parks," said Prue contemptuously. "And you can believe your wife if you wish. The day will come when you will come to your senses. Then you may apologize to me. As for Nancy, I am through with her."

"I've said my say," said Parks picking up his straw hat.

He walked past Prue out the door and she heard him speak to her father, heard him start his noisy little car. Her arm ached because her nerves ached. That treacherous little Nancy! The sordid little liar! And then suddenly she seemed to understand Nancy. She was caught by her desires, entangled in the fatal allure of wanting what she could never have. Nancy was shackled to Jim.

Prue felt suddenly tired and ill.

The screen door slammed, there was a quick patter of feet through the hall, and as Prue drew back, Nancy Parks ran into the living room.

For a moment both girls stood looking at each other, Nancy with scarlet cheeks and breath that came rapidly, Prue still held in the tense white heat of her rage.

"Has Jim been here?" asked Nancy.

"Yes."

"Did he tell you—what did he tell you?"

"That you lied," said Prue. "That you said I took those men to your house and that you did not know them."

Nancy giggled. "Poor fool Jim. It won't hurt him to think that and it won't hurt you to let him. You are young and free. I knew you would do that much for me."

"Why should I do anything for you?" asked Prue coldly. "I was, however, ready to make it easy for you, ready to smooth Jim down—to say—oh, I don't know what! But you had done your work well."

"Don't be so upstage and so pure and inhuman!" flared Nancy. "What did we do that was so awful? You belong to the nineties. Any girl but you would have stayed at that Manderson house. And here you are back in this stuffy hole! You don't deserve to have fate do nice things for you."

"Fate and you need not bother about me," said Prue. "Now go. Get out of here. My arm and my head ache."

"And you're very angry with me," sighed Nancy. "I thought you wouldn't mind letting Jim think those men were your friends. They are worth a lot of money and not so bad."

"How many more do you know—of that sort?" asked Prue.

But even as she spoke she was well aware that Anthony Lynn would never glance at pretty plump Nancy. But why should she care if he did?

"I wouldn't dare tell you," pouted Nancy. "You'd die of shame. But I am not afraid to admit that I love the things money will buy and parties and fun."

Prue moved restlessly to the door. Over her shoulder she turned the tip of her chin to her caller.

"Please go," she said again. "I really feel wretched. And I warn you that if Jim and you spread about town that I go' out with Blair and Worrow you will be forced to prove it."

"Little idiot!" said Nancy disgustedly. "We shan't spread anything around. Jim won't mention it again. I never thought you wouldn't stand by an old friend. But I might have known you wouldn't."

"Well, yes," said Prue with a nod, "you might have known."

After Nancy flounced out Prue went upstairs trembling with fury. It took her some time to get out of her gown, and when at last she stood like a slim boy in her silken underthings, her eyes still a purple glory of rage, she opened the little bag she had packed to go to Nancy's two nights ago, the bag that had stood in the corner of the amethyst and green suite, placed there by Nairne herself after one of the Manderson chauffeurs had brought it from the Parks' house.

Removing her night dress and a thin silk kimono from the bag, her thoughts still surging furiously about the Parks couple, Prue started as though a snake had bitten her.

There in the bottom of the bag lay one of the dainty satin and fur mules she had worn at the Manderson house. The little thing must have cost a lot of money and she had brought it away with her! Somehow it had gotten into her bag. To Prue, this was a mystery. To Nairne Manderson, it might not have been.

What would Nairne think of her? But what good could just one of those little things do her? Thank Heaven she had not brought both!

Tenderly Prue lifted the silken trifle and laid it against her cheek.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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Hitting the Picnic Trail With the Covered Kettle

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

THE Glorious Fourth, the first official Summer outing, is almost here, bringing with it an exceptionally long week-end. Falling on Monday, with Sunday previous, marketing must be done well in advance before shops are closed. Week-ending without worry will depend on a clear formulation of the menus for each meal of the period, and most thoughtful shopping to see that every needed food item is on hand. Whether the plans for the holiday be confined to the family or extended to include guests, the housewife and hostess will have full scope to show her executive ability.

Meals should be of the type which will permit the hostess to herself share in some of the holiday pleasures. If she is her own maid, she can profitably spend Friday morning in an old-fashioned intensive cooking or baking day. She will find useful such staple stand-bys as the familiar meat loaf, whether made of beef, veal or chicken; refreshing aspics of gelatin and the many delightful "makings" of salad and sandwich. These may all be prepared in advance, picked or cleaned and then set to chill in the capacious cupboard of the refrigerator, ready to eat at any convenient hour. This is the one picnic time when meals should be flexible and their hours made subordinate to sport or pleasure plans.

In considering supplies for this holiday week-end, see that the guest shelf is well and liberally stocked with an assortment of canned soups, fish, boned chicken, potted tongue, canned milk, relishes, and such tidbits as marshmallows, or salted nuts. Be sure there is an adequate bread supply, wrapping a few extra loaves in a damp towel and placing them in the refrigerator. One never knows how many more guests will arrive to eat the sandwiches! Knives sharpened to keen blades, paper of tissue and wax, plates and cups of paper, all these supplies should be in readiness for making any meal a picnic if plans and weather are favorable.

But in addition to the regular type of meal, and also the much favored one handed out of the picnic basket, there is another which the housewife will do well to consider in her week-end plans. And that is what we might call the "covered kettle meal," consisting of a single savory dish which may be packed and taken along on the auto trip, to the beach swim or the woods picnic, but which, best of all, may be enjoyed at home in case the Weather Man, too, goes holidaying and lets it rain!

This covered kettle meal has long been a favorite of the true outer or woodsman, the scout and the fisherman. Often made in a big, black bean kettle extended between two posts, and with its toes warmed in glowing coals, its contents are variously known as "mulligan," "stew," "chowder," "wiggle" or "sop." To revise Shakespeare, a stew by any name tastes just as good. What goes into such a kettle meal? The basis may be as famous Dan Beard himself says, "The meat of the turtle . . . a rabbit . . . elk . . . sheep . . . or beef. Cut the meat into pieces or inch cubes, saving the bones and adding salt pork or bacon . . ."

In short, the kettle meal is often the national dish of many countries, the Irish stew, the French pot-au-feu, the Hungarian goulash. It may be glorified by the housewife who may substitute more familiar chicken for elk, and roundsteak for the turtle of the fisherman. However, it is any kind of a savory stew and may contain other ingredients such as diced vegetables, small potatoes, the addition of tomato sauce or what have you? Its chief advantage is that it may be made hours before the actual meal time, thus leaving the cook free to attend the athletic displays and the fireworks.

The modern version may be packed into a large capacious thermos jar or even the five-pound lard kettle or similar container. The vacuum jar will enable it to be served piping hot without the need of making a further fire, while again such outdoor meal may gain in fun and appetite if the mulligan is reheated over a fire made by the party. To cook it in its entirety requires several slow hours and considerable pot-watching, which may be impossible or impractical at the scene of the festivity. However, with plenty of time to spare and some of the group who would rather sit than play, stirring a mulligan provides ample relaxation.

Eaten with it should be rolls, biscuit, or that crowning effort of the trapper's skill, hot corn bread or hoe cake made in a skillet. Nothing is better for serving than the small 10c aluminum deep dishes designed for household baking, or almost as good is the generous tin cup which belongs on the belt of every true hiker.

On the seashore where clams or mussels are plentiful, or where some of the party have proven good fishermen, the mulligan easily becomes a chowder which cooks quicker and which takes little attention as it simmers over a beach fire. Here there is work for all in the party, digging clams, scrubbing, scheming, and concocting the chowder out of canned milk, onion, potato, and the partially steamed clams.

This type of kettle dinner appeals especially to men and boys who tire of more formal picnic fare and who want to become hardy outdoor men, for a meal at least. Here is one famous stew or "burgoo" adapted for the housewife's use:

Beef Burgoo: 2 to 3 pounds lower round steak cut in 2-inch cubes; 6 to 8 small onions, peeled; 6 medium potatoes; 1 can tomato soup; bacon fat; salt, pepper; liquor from olive bottle; sliced lemon. Brown meat in bacon drippings, add tomato soup and water to cover and simmer. Add onions and potatoes. Stir to avoid scorching, adding more liquid if necessary. Serve in tin cups after adding olive liquor, and drop a couple of olives and thin lemon slice into each portion.

Mulligan: Place in the kettle, half full of cold, fresh water, a sufficient amount of any of the following—fish, game, or clams. (Lamb is a good substitute for game). Add sliced onion, tip in a can or two of corn, and half a cup or more of carefully browned bacon dice or strips, and let simmer until the whole dish is ready to disintegrate. Have ready toasted hardtack or pilot biscuit, serve with the mulligan and eat ad lib. (So prepare that there are no bones or else strain mulligan before serving.)

Long Island Mussel Stew: The makings are evaporated milk, onions, salt, pepper, and both liquor and meat from freshly gathered mussels. After scrubbing the mussels, place in deep kettle with only a cup or two of water. Steam them open. Remove meat and save liquor. Make a milk stock or soup using the onions grated or thinly sliced and cooking them in the milk. Season well. As this flavored milk scalds add the mussels and their liquor, but do not boil as this toughens the flesh. Serve in tin cups with hardtack biscuits.

Other variations are the familiar chili con carne of beef and beans, a lamb and kidney stew, and a chicken hot pot or fricassee. For convenience in holding the kettle over the woods or beach fire, there is a folding camp grid having four legs or pointed stakes at any height preferred over the fire. There is also a special grub stake of metal having three hooks, on one of which such kettle may be hung.

There is a wide choice in the special folding camp stove using gasoline under pressure, some of them having a collapsible metal wind-break on the rear and sides, which enable them to be set up in practically any location. The small stoves using "canned heat" are adequate for warming the covered kettle dishes. Forget not soupspoons and a ladle for more convenient serving!

"SALADA"
ICED TEA
is delicious
428

In the "Good Old Days"

(Continued from Double Page)

was no sense in calling a physician. Anyone could diagnose it for him and nobody could do anything for him. Nowadays the plague is no more to be dreaded in modern countries because science has its secret.

Rats bring the plague in ships from the Orient. The rats' fleas take the germ-laden blood from the sick ones and inject it into the blood of healthy rats. This spreads the plague from rat to rat, which is bad enough, but the fleas also bite man, and that is how he gets it. Fumigation, quarantine of sporadic cases and the placing of metal disks on the hawsers of ships from the East, which prevents rats from running ashore to the docks, have made the plague only a matter of historical interest. Remove these checks and we would soon have that feature of the good old days with us again.

Until Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood it was commonly supposed that the heart was a sort of furnace which heated the vital fluid. A fever, therefore, must mean too hot a furnace. And if the old-time surgeon had not been afraid of gangrene and the sufferer himself afraid of the surgeon, they would have opened the chest and laid a lump of ice on the heart. Instead of this they bled their patients, being careful to take half out of each side, because nobody knew that blood flowed from one side to the other.

When the physician went after the sick man with medicine instead of the knife, he was only a little less dreadful. Most of the drugs and "simples" were noxious and revolting in the extreme, some were useless, many were harmful. There are druggists alive today in the United States and England who will remember carrying on their shelves an item known as "skull moss." It was prescribed by doctors for debility, highly thought of and expensive, which was fair enough when one learns what the stuff really was.

Everyone had observed that highwaymen and other knaves sufficiently wicked to get themselves hanged were usually active persons, full of "pep" and vitality. It was customary to leave these malefactors hanging in chains at conspicuous points of the cities as an example to the youth. In time the scalps disappeared and the tops of the skulls became covered sometimes by a species of moss. This was the precious skull moss, supposed to have absorbed the vigor and vim from the brain of the late criminal. It was also known as "gibbet moss."

Before the days of vaccination one death out of every ten in England was caused by smallpox. In the town of Chester, with a population of 14,713, a census was taken and just 1,600 persons could testify that they had never had it. Three out of five grown-ups in London were disfigured by the disease and thousands every year were blinded. Girls married early in those times and it was the devout prayer of every mother to get her daughter a husband before she got smallpox and became a sight. Most beauty was doomed to end in pock marks. It was not unusual for whole families to deliberately expose themselves to the dreadful and almost inevitable scourge in order to get it over with at a convenient time.

For many generations the simple country folks had been saying that if you have caught cowpox from a cow you can't have smallpox, but the doctors ignored them until Edward Jenner, a country doctor of Gloucestershire, England, decided to investigate. Nearly seven years he went from farm to farm and found that in no case where a person had contracted the insignificant cowpox had they ever caught the greater disease. Then he vaccinated his own 18-months-old baby boy with the lymph from an infected cow.

Had he done this in London he would doubtless have been mobbed, but the countrymen knew that there was something in it, and when no harm came to the baby others asked for it. Many of them tested its value by exposing themselves and every one proved immune. Jenner then published his famous treatise, 134 years ago, and the great doctors of London laughed at him—all but one. Henry Cline, of St. Thomas Hospital, had the courage not only to uphold him but to actually vaccinate.

As usual results counted. The people saw with their own eyes and the good news flew to all parts of the world. While England was still trying to frown their great man down, Germany set aside Jenner's birthday as a feast day, and several other lands made it a day of thanksgiving and priests and populace walked in long processions to church to offer thanks to the man who had delivered them from smallpox and to his Creator.

Smallpox in enlightened countries is now so rare that the cranks who occasionally talk against vaccination are tolerated. One does not need to know anything about medicine, but merely to read history just before and after vaccination became general, to realize that we would have the good old days of blindness and pock-marked faces back again if these wrong-headed persons were allowed to have their way. Among the misstatements is one that it sometimes propagates a certain loathsome disease. The childishness of this assertion is apparent from the fact that the vaccine virus comes from a cow and the cow is as immune from that specific disease as a fish is from dandruff.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

Recipes Our Readers Request

Banana Pie.

HAVE ready 1 baked pie shell. Mix ¾ cup sugar, ⅓ cup flour and a few grains salt. Add 2 slightly beaten eggs. Mix well and add 2 cups scalded milk gradually. Cook 10 or 15 minutes over hot water, stirring constantly. Add a few drops vanilla. Turn into pie shell. Cool. Add 3 or 4 sliced ripe bananas and cover with whipped and sweetened cream.

Creamy Sauce.

BEAT ¼ cup butter and ½ cup powdered sugar until creamy and smooth. Beat 1 cup cream until stiff and add to the butter and sugar mixture. Set over hot water and beat until heated. When smooth and thick add 1 tablespoon orange juice and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Other flavorings may be used, if preferred. Serve while still warm.

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That's why this contest is different. You don't have to spend a penny to qualify to win the $1000 in cash prizes; and if you win all four we will pay $250 cash extra. This is a real search for real advertising Slogans—one each for the well-known products illustrated below. We want Slogans that will herald the high quality of these products in the fewest possible words. Such Slogans are valuable to us. Some of the world's greatest sayings have come from the most remote places, so don't think you are not competent; the simplest phrase you have in mind may be the winner.

RULES OF CONTEST

RULE 1—This contest is open to any one in the United States, except those living in the two Kansas Cities, and our own employees and their families.
RULE 2—Contest closes SEPTEMBER 30, 1932, and all envelopes mailed to us containing Slogans must be post-marked not later than midnight of said closing date.
RULE 3—All Slogans are limited to 10 words each and must tend to herald the uses or superior qualities of the product to which said Slogan applies, as set forth on our labels or cartons, or otherwise, if truthfully told.
RULE 4—A cash prize of $250 will be paid for the winning Slogan on each of the four products illustrated below. (Total $1000) and in case of tie, duplicate cash prizes will be paid.
RULE 5—Contestants may enter from 1 to 3 Slogans for each product; but in any event not more than 3 for each; and should a single contestant win all 4 prizes an additional $250 will be paid, making a total of $1,250.
RULE 6—The Judges of this Contest will be 3 prominent business or professional men of Kansas City, Mo., who have no interest or connection whatever with the Lucky Tiger Mfg. Co., and their decisions will be accepted as final.

Winners will be notified as soon as possible after close of Contest.

Special Advertising Offer
Limited One to a Household

An unparalleled offer! The four items shown above are the full size 50c retailers, same as the large single illustrations below. You can buy these items in almost any drug store or barber shop at 50c each, or $2 for the set of four. Our Special Price of only 95c prepaid is for advertising purposes only, to acquaint you with the high quality of these products. Get them of your dealer; or, to take advantage of this special offer, send us a money order for only 95c and the set of four will be sent you prepaid. This offer is of course only for a very limited time, and has nothing whatever to do with our Slogan Contest, and is unnecessary to qualify you as a winner of the cash prizes offered.

LUCKY TIGER
For Hair and Scalp

A single application of Lucky Tiger will stop that miserable itching, and a single bottle corrects scalp irritations. For years Lucky Tiger has been America's Standard hair and scalp remedy—always safe for adults and children. Does not discolor the hair, is delicately perfumed and a delight to use. At all drug stores and barber shops.

WHYTE-FOX

HAIR OIL TONIC AND DRESSING. A New Creation for Dry and Unruly Hair. Enables you to dress it in any desired style with quick and marvelous results, giving you lustrous and beautiful hair; it is not greasy, gummy or sticky. Delightfully perfumed—essential oil direct from France. Harmless, stainless, great for both adults and children. At most drug stores and barber shops.

WHYTE-FOX—Six-Way Beauty Cream
1—Excels as a skin softener; 2—Excels as a pore cleanser; 3—Excels as a powder base; 4—Excels as a healing cream; 5—Excels as a tissue stimulant; 6—Excels as a skin beautifier.

The definite antiseptic base is your best assurance of satisfactory results.

WHYTE-FOX OINTMENT—
Effective for Fire and Sun Burns—The Itch (Scabies)—Rectal Irritations—Facial Massage—Simple Headaches and Head Colds.
—COOLING AND PLEASING.

To LUCKY TIGER MFG. CO., Kansas City, Missouri
Enclosed find Money Order for 95c for which send me your $2.00 Outfit Prepaid as advertised. [If you prefer, $2 Outfit will be sent C.O.D. for 95c, plus postage.]
My Name is
Street Address or R. F. D.
City
State

Don't Let Gray Hair Alarm You
—Before 60—

Now simply brushing hair ends grayness so perfectly no one will suspect you ever had a gray hair . . . Send for sample.

Don't let gray hair, or hair streaked with gray, ruin your business or social career because it makes people think you are "too old." You can now end this handicap easily, quickly and inexpensively *right at home.* And the results will be so perfect that no one will suspect you have done a thing to your hair . . . Just sprinkle a few drops of KOLOR-BAK on your hairbrush for a few mornings, and brush your hair as usual. This wonderful, *dorless* liquid will cause your gray hairs to isappear like magic. A new youth-like color ill be imparted to those ugly gray hairs. nd as your hair becomes youth-like in color ou will look years younger, far more attractive . . . Obtain KOLOR-BAK at all rug and department stores, and refuse substitutes offered as "just as good." KOLOR-BAK is the most natural way known to end ay hair. Leaves the hair soft and lustrous.

Send for FREE Sample
UNITED REMEDIES, Inc., Dept. 44-D
166 E. Illinois St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send at once FREE sample of Kolor-Bak.
Name..........
Address..........
City..........State..........

CORNS

New TREATMENT
Quickly Removes Corns

A new double-acting, double-value treatment! It stops pain instantly. It removes the entire corn in 48 hours! Two things do it—Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads and the separate *Medicated Disks* included in every box at no extra cost. You never tried anything so wonderful. Remember, Zino-pads also remove the cause—rubbing and pressing of shoes—preventing corns, sore toes and blisters. Thin, soothing, healing, 100% safe and sure. Easy to apply. Get a box today. At all drug and shoe stores.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

BIRD MANNA

Makes Canaries Sing — restores their health and feathers. This great secret of the Andreasberg is a food, a tonic, and song restorer. Sold by all druggists. Mailed for 15c in coin or stamps.

CAUTION
Bird Manna is sold only in White Metal Caps with Trade Mark in red. Beware of Imitations.

BOOK ON CAGE BIRDS
120 pages, beautifully illustrated, showing canaries in their natural colors. Full information on song and rare canaries. How to breed them for profit. Hints on their diseases and how to treat them. All about parrots. A most complete book on the subject. Mailed for 25c, or book and Manna for 35c.

PHILADELPHIA BIRD FOOD CO.
400 N. Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

KILL ANTS
IN THE NEST!

Ants carry Antrol Syrup to the nest for food—killing the whole *ant family*—the only permanent method.

Safe, quick, sure, easy, economical. Proved in a million homes. Get it at your drug, seed or hardware store. Write—Antrol, 651 Imperial Street, Los Angeles for free booklet on pest control.

ANTROL

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.

The IRVING-VANCE Company Ltd.
969 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

KILLS Roaches

Peterman's Roach Food lures roaches from nests. They eat it. Crawl back into nests to die. Kills eggs and young. Effective 24 hours a day. No odor. Guaranteed. Safe. Over 500,000 cans sold last year.

PETERMAN'S ROACH FOOD

Desserts That Will Please

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Glorified Custard.

SCALD 1 pint of milk in top of double boiler. Beat 4 egg yolks, add ⅛ cup sugar and ½ teaspoon salt and beat well. Add the hot milk slowly to the beaten egg yolks. Return to double boiler and stir constantly until smooth and creamy. Set in a pan of cold water and beat well. If mixture should curdle add a tablespoon cream and beat with an egg beater. The water in the lower part of the double boiler should not boil. Too rapid cooking or cooking the custard too long will cause it to curdle. Add a few drops vanilla and chill. Serve in glass cups with snow meringue on top of each.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Eggs Aurora. Radishes. Graham Biscuits. Coffee. *Luncheon* Turkish Pilaf or Baked Macaroni. Spinach with French Dressing. Berry Shortcake. Iced Tea. *Dinner (Quick Supper)* Mexican Corn Custard. Muffins. Tomato Salad on Heart Lettuce. Cookies.	*Breakfast* Sliced Bananas with Orange Juice. Creamed Chipped Beef. Graham Toast. Coffee. *Luncheon* Egg Salad Sandwiches. Cream Pie. Iced Tea. *Dinner* Stuffed and Baked Bluefish. Drawn Butter Sauce. Mashed Potatoes. Favorite Green Salad. Rhubarb Jelly with Whipped Cream.	*Breakfast* Cereal. Scrambled Eggs with Broiled Bacon. Corn Meal Griddle Cakes. Coffee. *Luncheon* Creamed Bluefish au Gratin (Left-Overs). Parsley Potatoes or Spaghetti. Biscuits. Pineapple Cup. *Dinner* Broiled Lamb Chops. Buttered Peas. Stuffed Tomato Salad (Cucumber Jelly). Ice Box Rolls. Apple Pie. Cream Cheese. Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit. Broiled Tomatoes with Bacon. Potatoes. Toast. Coffee. *Luncheon* Club Sandwiches. Date Bars. Iced Fruit Punch. *Dinner (Picnic Style)* Cold Roast Beef (Sliced Thin). Potato Salad with Vegetable Garnish (Grated Raw Carrot, String Beans and Asparagus Tips). Dressing. Rolls. Pineapple Apricot Sherbert. Delicate Cake.	*Breakfast* Fruit. Salt Codfish Cakes. Poached Eggs. Corn Cake. Coffee. *Luncheon* Home Made Succotash. Watercress and Radish Salad. Sour Cream Gingerbread. Iced Tea. *Dinner* Hot Boiled Fresh or Canned Salmon. Egg Sauce. Noodles. Green Peas. Cucumber Salad with Chives French Dressing. Fruit Sponge. Delicate Cake (Left-Over).	*Breakfast* Fruit. French Omelet with Broiled Bacon. Muffins. Coffee. *Luncheon* Cold Corned Beef with Mustard. Shredded Cabbage and Chopped Tomato Relish. Rolls. Rhubarb and Banana Surprise. *Dinner (Company)* Roast Leg of Lamb. Potatoes. Buttered Asparagus. Baked Bananas. Ice Box Strawberry Shortcake. Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit. Quick Cereal. Buttered Toast. Coffee. *Dinner (Prepared on Saturday)* Cold Roast Lamb. Mint Jelly. Delmonico Potatoes. Buttered Lima Beans. Macedoine Vegetable Salad. Chocolate Macaroon Bavarian. Half Cups Coffee. *Supper* Lettuce and Tomato Sandwiches. Peanut Butter Sandwiches. Left-Over Dessert. Iced Punch.

Snow Meringue.

BEAT 2 egg whites until stiff, gradually beating into them ½ cup sifted sugar. Have ready a saucepan of hot water on the stove. Dip 2 tablespoons into the water, take up a spoonful of the meringue and shape with the other spoon. Push it into the hot water and cook gently for about 20 minutes. Remove from water with skimmer, chill and serve with glorified custard.

Strawberry or Peach Sherbet.

BOIL 2 cups sugar and 1 quart water for 20 minutes. Add 1 teaspoon gelatin softened in 3 tablespoons cold water and stir until dissolved. Chill and add 2 cups strained peach or strawberry pulp and the juice of 1 lemon. Add sugar if not sufficiently sweet. Freeze as usual.

Sour Cream Gingerbread.

MIX and sift 2½ cups flour, 2 teaspoons ginger, ½ teaspoon salt, and 2 teaspoons soda. Mix 1 cup sour cream and 1 cup molasses and blend with the dry ingredients. Turn into small buttered and floured muffin pans. Bake in a moderate oven about 25 minutes.

French Coffee Custard.

BEAT 8 egg yolks slightly, adding 1 cup sugar and a few grains salt. Add 3 cups scalded rich milk and 1 cup strained black coffee. Strain into buttered custard cups, set in a pan of hot water, cover them and bake in a very slow oven until firm. Chill and serve with cream.

Chocolate Macaroon Bavarian.

SCALD 1 cup of milk and ½ cup sugar. Soak ⅓ package gelatin in ⅓ cup milk. Beat 2 egg yolks and add 2 tablespoons sugar and a few grains salt. Add the scalded milk to the beaten egg, return to double boiler and cook over hot water until mixture thickens slightly. Add 6 chocolate macaroons and the softened gelatin. Mix well and set in a pan of cold water. When mixture begins to congeal fold in 1 pint of cream, beaten until stiff. Line a mold with chocolate macaroons. Fill with the cream mixture. Chill in ice box. Unmold and decorate with whipped cream.

Mystery Bavarian Cream.

CARAMELIZE ½ cup sugar in iron frying pan. Add ⅓ cup boiling water. Boil until of syrup-like consistency. Add to 1 cup scalded milk. Then proceed as in plain chocolate macaroon Bavarian, adding 3 tablespoons sugar instead of 2 tablespoons to the egg yolks.

Pineapple Apricot Sherbet.

PRESS 1 can grated pineapple and 1 can apricots through sieve. Add juice 2 oranges, juice 2 lemons and 1 pound sugar dissolved in 3 cups hot water. Cool and freeze.

Chocolate Ice Cream.

MELT 2 ounces chocolate over hot water. Add 3 cups scalded milk and blend well. Beat 2 or 3 eggs with 1½ cups sugar, a few grains salt and 1 tablespoon vanilla. Pour a little of the hot mixture into the eggs, return to saucepan and cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until egg is set. Chill, add 1 cup cream, beaten stiff, and freeze.

Vermont Parfait.

BRING 1 cup maple syrup to boiling point and pour slowly on 6 beaten egg yolks, beating constantly. Add 1 teaspoon gelatin softened in 2 tablespoons cream. Stir until gelatin is dissolved. Fold in 1 pint cream beaten until stiff. Pour into a mold and pack in two parts ice and 1 part salt 4 hours or turn into tray of mechanical ice box and freeze.

Macaroon Parfait.

ADD 1 cup sifted macaroons to Vermont parfait before freezing.

Ice Box Strawberry Shortcake.

WASH 1 pint of ripe strawberries. Press through potato ricer and add ¾ cups powdered sugar. Soak 1 teaspoon gelatin in 4 tablespoons cold water. Melt over hot water. Add gelatin and a few drops lemon juice to strawberry pulp. Chill in ice box. Mix 1 pint strained sweetened strawberry pulp with 1 pint cream, beaten until stiff. Put a layer of sponge cake in freezing tray of ice box. Pour slightly congealed gelatin mixture over the cake. Cover with cream and strawberry mixture. Freeze. Cut in squares and garnish with choice ripe strawberries.

Don't stay tied to a scrub-brush!

You need never use a scrub brush again —even for the hardest cleaning job in your house. Instead, let Dic-A-Doo do the work—it cleans quicker, better and so much easier than any other cleaning methods! Spread Dic-A-Doo on. Then wipe it off. Like magic the dirt is *lifted* out—and walls, linoleum, woodwork, floors, tile are spic and span, fresh and spotlessly clean. . . . Use Dic-A-Doo on painted, varnished or lacquered surfaces. You'll find that it often saves the cost of repainting.

You can get Dic-A-Doo wherever paint is sold—at paint, wallpaper, hardware and department stores.

DIC-A-DOO
paint cleaner
restores paint

SAMPLE FREE! GET YOURS NOW!

The PATENT CEREALS CO.,
Dept. A-87, Geneva, N. Y.
☐ Send free sample.
☐ Send ½ lb. package. (15c enclosed)
☐ Send 1¼ lb. package. (30c enclosed)

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THIS IS THE AGE of popular science. If you study the pages in this and other issues of The American Weekly you will be well informed in every field of science and in every specialty in every field.

The PYREX NURSING BOTTLE speaks its piece

"You can count on me in heat and cold. For I'm made of Pyrex brand heat-resistant glass. Slip me in the ice-box . . . put me on to warm at feeding time . . . when baby's ready so am I!

"My 8-oz. size costs 25¢, with narrow neck or wide mouth. My 4-oz. size, grand for boiled water or fruit juice, 15¢."

"Pyrex" is the registered trade-mark of Corning Glass Works and indicates their brand of resistant glass.

GRAY HAIR?

You can transform it with lustrous color!

If a gray hair shows in your head Mary T. Goldman's famous hair preparation will show you a way to keep hair young looking with lustrous color. It doesn't matter whether your hair was black, brown, auburn or blonde—nor how much of gray there is. You can do it at home. No experience needed. Leaves the hair soft; easy to curl or wave. No fear of washing off. Your druggist has Mary T. Goldman's. Money-back guarantee.

FREE TEST—To convince you we'll send free test package for trial on small lock snipped from hair. Just mail coupon.

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Name ....
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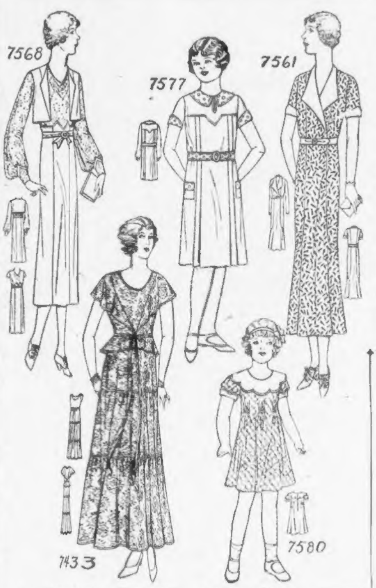
Own a Caramel Pop-Corn Store!

Make quick success with CARMELCRISP . . . sensational new candied Pop-Corn confection. Stores going strong. Openings in many towns. Little capital. We supply complete equipment . . . help finance and locate you . . . furnish store plans . . . successful original formulas . . . teach process. Send for Free book . . . "Golden Kernels of Profit". Explains all. Write today. No obligation.

LONG-EAKINS CO., Originators, 669 High St., Springfield, Ohio.

American Weekly Patterns



A PLEASING ENSEMBLE (7568). Designed in 6 sizes: 14, 16, 18, 20 (with corresponding bust measure 32, 34, 36, 38) and 40 and 42 bust. To make as shown in the large view for a size 20 will require 3⅛ yards of plain material for bolero and skirt and 1⅛ yards for the blouse in 35-inch material.

A NEAT, COMFORTABLE STYLE (7577). Designed in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 if made as in the large view will require 2 yards of 32-inch material with ½ yard of contrasting material.

A SMART DAYTIME FROCK (7561). Designed in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 with short sleeves will require 3½ yards of printed material 35 inches wide and ⅞ yard of plain material. If made with long sleeves and without contrast 4½ yards will be required.

A YOUTHFUL MODEL FOR AFTERNOON OR EVENING WEAR (7433). Designed in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 will require 5 yards of 35-inch material if made with bertha portions. Without bertha portions and peplum, 3⅞ yards will be required.

A PRETTY FROCK FOR A LITTLE MISS (7580). Designed in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 will require 1½ yards of printed material and ½ yard of plain material 32 inches wide; also 2 yards of bias binding 1½ inches wide.

To obtain any one of these desirable patterns, fill in the accompanying coupon and mail, with 15 cents in coin for EACH PATTERN (SEAL ENVELOPE FLAP SECURELY ON ALL EDGES), to

AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERNS,
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AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERNS,
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FIFTEEN CENTS EACH.

7568.......Size | 7561.......Bust
7577......Years | 7433......Years
7580......Years

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Patterns Fifteen Cents Each.

To obtain our SUMMER BOOK OF FASHIONS, containing designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, also Hints to the Home Dressmaker, send ten cents in coin.

LEARN THE WAY

to easier ironing—thrilling loveliness in all laundered things—take this step now!

Here's that way to get lovely soft French Laundered effects in all your ironing. With wonderful hot starch prepared *without cooking!* No trick at all. Just add hot water to this complete powdered formula. Everything's included. Your iron fairly glides. Things regain their elasticity and that soft charm of newness. A wonderful invention. Try it now.

***Try This* FREE**

THANK YOU

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 298, Keokuk, Iowa.
Your free sample, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

Photograph above by Lansing Brown, 1932

Ethel Clayton *is lovelier than ever*

ACTUALLY growing more attractive every year! Look at these pictures—they tell you plainly that it *is* possible to keep youthful charm, to grow lovelier, through the years. *If you know the secret.*

Ethel Clayton does and she says: "No woman need fear added years any more—if she knows how to take care of her appearance. A young-looking skin is absolutely necessary. For years now I have used Lux Toilet Soap and I think my complexion is younger looking than it was years ago."

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

This is Ethel Clayton's secret of complexion beauty—such a sure and simple way to guard and keep youthful charm!

It is Hollywood's favorite beauty insurance. Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, actually 686 use fragrant Lux Toilet Soap regularly. It is such a favorite with them that it has been made the official soap in all the big studios.

Lux Toilet Soap is so gentle—so beautifully *white*—that no other soap can rival it.

LUX Toilet Soap—10¢

"Here's the low down on Gasoline Economy"

"Stop those Unexpected Bills"

"UNEXPECTED bills wreck more carefully planned budgets than any other thing. I know. So do you if you have to budget as carefully as I do.

"Bill and I used to think buying the cheapest gasoline in sight was saving money.

"We learned different—and how. Not all at once, I admit. Just little by little. You know. A bill for grinding valves. A bill for new rings. A bill for carbon removal. Finally it got so the car was in the repair shop more than on the road.

"So we realized, Bill and I, that to figure out the real price of that cheap gasoline for our budget, we'd have to add all those unexpected repair bills.

"Finally, we saved enough money for another car. And do we buy cheap gasoline? Not on your life.

"We found it pays to buy Esso.

"And Esso it's been for 23,000 miles! It hasn't cost us a cent for carbon removal. Plugs O.K. Valves O.K. No more unexpected bills. No more unbalanced budget."

***it* Pays *to use* Esso**

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